



EARTH FIRST!

LITHA EDITION

June 21, 1983

THE RADICAL ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL

Vol. III, No. V
ONE DOLLAR

WILDERNESS WAR IN OREGON

BLOCKADERS ASSAULTED BY BULLDOZER FOREMAN RUN DOWN BY TRUCK

"If you don't get out of the way, I'm going to kill you!" screamed Plumley Construction Company bulldozer operator Fred Brown to five Earth Firsters blocking his path at the end of the remote road in the Siskiyou National Forest near Grants Pass, Oregon. But the five, Diana Warren, Molly Campbell, William Smith, Peter Swanson and Doug Norlen, stood firm. Brown charged them time and again with the rear of his machine. Finally, he turned the big rig around and *burred* them with dirt from the blade. The fight *for* the North Kalmiopsis *was*, in Mike Roselle's words, "getting gnarly." (See associated stories for details on each blockade.)

The blockade to save 150,000 acres of remarkably diverse primeval forest had begun two weeks earlier on April 25 when Mike Roselle, Steve Marsden, Pedro Tama and Kevin Everhart had shut down operations on the Bald Mountain Road construction project for 3½ hours until Josephine County Sheriff's deputies arrived to

arrest them. They were charged with disorderly conduct and spent the night in jail. The next day they were arraigned, give deferred sentencing and placed on probation for a year with the requirement that they not return to the construction area. They requested instead to do time but the judge ordered them out.

Nine days later, a group of seven Oregonians (Ric Bailey, Claudia Beausoleil, Roman Cooper, Mary Beth Nearing, Jim Goodwin, Ron Zook and Eric Nicholson) blockaded construction at the same site -- but with a twist. They handcuffed and chained themselves to the bulldozer when the police arrived to achieve a 4½ hour shutdown. They were released from jail that day on their own recognizance. Kevin Everhart also was arrested for having been in the area. After spending another night in jail, he bailed out. The judge later dropped charges against him.

The Grants Pass Courier then featured an interview with bulldozer jockey Les Moore continued on pg. 4



William Smith (hidden), Molly Campbell, Diana Warren, Peter Swanson and Doug Norlen pushed by bulldozers during Kalmiopsis Wilderness Blockade

Photo by Frank Siles

BLOCKADE PERSONAL ACCOUNTS #1 by Mike Roselle

Work on the Bald Mountain Road came to a halt at 10:15 a.m., the 25th of April. Four people stood in front of the D-8 caterpillar that was pioneering the road down Silver Creek. They demanded an end to the senseless rape of the forest. In the thirty years Les Moore had operated the screaming machinery of destruction, no one had ever stood in his way. He cursed and shouted, demanding that they move.

"Shut 'er down, we're not moving!" was the reply from the four, who now held a banner displaying the Earth First! emblem.

The operator dropped the blade. He dismounted the giant machine, still cursing. The protesters, not wanting to provoke an incident with the driver, stood in silence. The time for arguments, at least for the moment, was over. Les Moore was angry. Having exhausted every obscenity in his vocabulary, and realizing that threats alone would not move the determined group, he climbed back into his bulldozer. He backed down the road scar about fifty feet. He

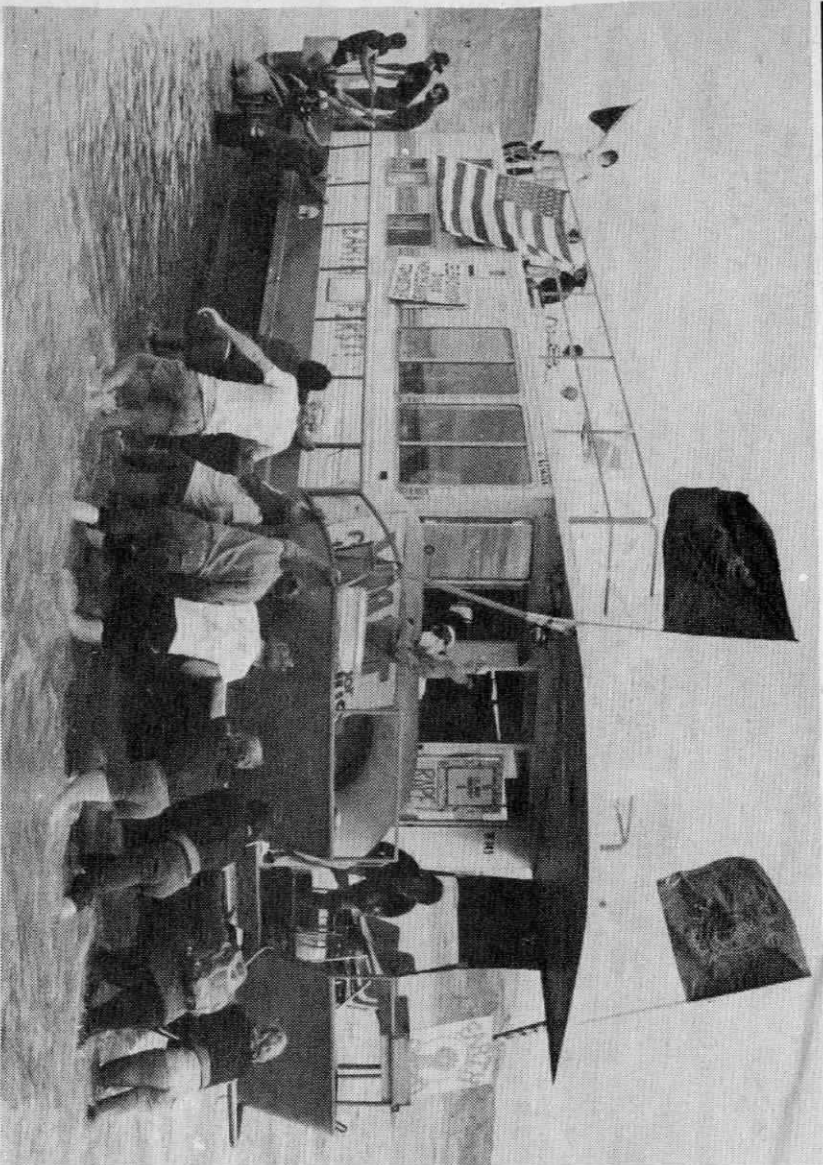
dropped the blade and advanced slowly, scraping a layer of fresh earth into a pile that grew as he approached the human blockade. He came to a stop as the rocks and dirt piled up at the feet of the blockaders, whose arms were linked together. They looked him straight in the eye. They showed no sign of moving.

Les Moore raised the blade of the dozer as high as it would go. He skillfully maneuvered the cat from side to side, dislodging large rocks from the high side of the road cut. The rocks rolled off the berm towards their feet. But it was to no avail. A large wall of disturbed soil now stood between protesters and machine.

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EARTH FIRST! PIRATE SHIP LAUNCHED ON LAKE FOUL MAY 19. See Page 12, for story.
—Photo by Dan Milles

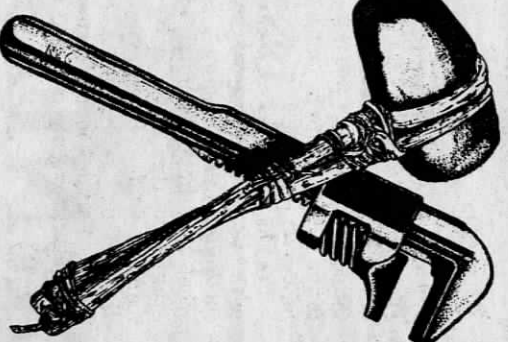
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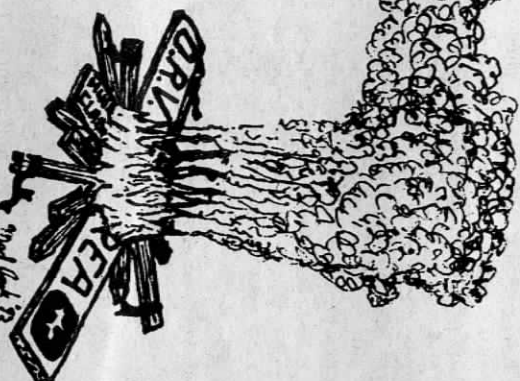
PO Box 235
Ely, NV 89301
(702) 289-8636

Around the Campfire



JOHN ZAELT

—PHIL BURTON—



I met the high and the mighty when I worked in Washington, DC, as a lobbyist for The Wilderness Society. I won't hide the fact that I was disappointed. They were ordinary men and women. I was not stunned by their brilliance. I wasn't charmed. They did not awe me with their moral character. Of course there were some who were impressive—but even these were not awesome. I found no classic heroes, no demigods.

Then I met Phil Burton. In the midst of this sleazy age of the anti-hero, I found an honest-to-goodness hero.

Phil Burton was a true American. Two-fisted like John

Wayne in *The Sons of Katie Elder*, full of integrity like Gary Cooper in *High Noon*, and as witty as James Garner in *Maverick*. That is what raised Phil above the rest of the conservation champions in Congress. He was more than totally committed to the preservation of natural diversity. He was more than a genius at legislative strategy. He was tough.

Toughness is a quality we too often ignore in this Brave New Age of peace, love, and karma. Nice guys do often finish last. Sometimes you need a tough guy. That was Phil Burton.

—Dave Foreman

EARTH FIRST!
Litha Edition
June 21, 1983
Vol. III, No. V

Earth First! is a publication of The Circle of Darkness. Entire contents are copyrighted, 1982, but we're more than happy to allow reprinting if credit is given. *Earth First!* is a forum for the radical environmental movement and responsible authors and correspondents. While *Earth First!* does not accept the authority of the hierarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us around of its police power. Agents provocateurs will be dealt with by the Grizzly Defense League on the Mirror Plateau. Contributions are welcomed and should be typed or carefully printed, double-spaced, and sent with an SASE. All contributions should be sent to POB 235, Ely, Nevada 89301 except for poetry which should go to Art Goodtimes. POB 1008, Telluride, CO 81435.

Dave Foreman, Editor
Wildcat Annie,
Merchandise Coordinator
Bill Devall, Associate Editor
Art Goodtimes, Poetry Editor
John Seed,
Australian Correspondent
Staff: Mike Roselle, Marc Willow, Diane Fouts, Spurs, Jackson, Mad Jack, Marc Brown
Jackson Hole EFi, Mailing

Dear EFi!

I've been pissed off for years at the industrial development of the forests of Arkansas by the paper companies. They're clearcutting the state and planting their pulp farms everywhere. It's genocide for the hardwoods. As I said, I'm pissed and from what I read in OUTSIDE, I would like to help and support Earth First!

—Little Rock, Arkansas

Comrades

I want to join up. I heard about you from NEWSWEEK and I got your address from Ed Abbey. Please send me my membership card, bumper sticker, newsletter, secret decoder ring or whatever.

Viva la Terra!
—Williamsburg, Virginia

Dear Ed:

Please tell Reed F. Noss that another easterner (well, midwesterner) has sought, mostly in vain, for wilderness this side of the Mississippi. I like his proposal for a deciduous forest ecosystem preserve. Perhaps Howie Wolke's Youth Demolition Corps (YDC) can be instrumental in "re-establishing the wilderness character of the proposed preserve." If this eastern deciduous forest preserve proves successful, would Reed help me re-convert this ocean of agribusiness of east central Illinois to the former sea of tall grass prairie? With visions of big bluestem.

—Valerie, Urbana, IL

Dear Valerie

Look at our Wilderness Preserve System proposal in this issue. Perhaps you could help us rough out a preserve for the tall grass prairie/deciduous forest transition zone in Illinois.

—DF

Whew! It's been a busy spring. Until I got home May 23 to put out this issue, I'd spent a total of 3 weeks in Ely since Christmas. Nagasaki and Sagebrush have done hard riding, too. Not to mention Spurs and Wildcat Annie and... With all of this busyness, Earth First! has been growing. Our subscription list in California has doubled due to the Road Show and other activity. We have proven that we have the depth to pull off a major event like the Glen Canyon Dam Funeral while maintaining a sustained action like the Bald Mountain Road Blockade.

And, most importantly, with the Oregon blockade we have demonstrated that Earth First! is more than empty rhetoric. On limited resources, but enthusiastic person power, our organizers are doing a magnificent job. It has certainly been an inspiration to me. I've been impressed by the strength and ability of old friends and new friends alike in the Kalmiopsis. The Earth First! movement has arrived and is no longer just a few people.

This issue of *Earth First!* well represents that broad base of people and issues. We're checking full of news this time—headlining, of course, the Kalmiopsis Blockade with reports from the front and lots of photographs of the action. The G-O Road decision broke just as I was sending

off the last of the copy to be typeset. What great news that is! And I hope you enjoy reading about the Glen Canyon Dam three ring circus half as much as we enjoyed doing it. Our Australian correspondent, John Seed, reports on the battle against the Franklin River Dam and sends us action photographs of that great victory. There is lots more, but I am pleased to tell you that—yes, Virginia—there is an Earth First! Wilderness Preserve System map and it is in this issue along with write-ups on all the Preserves. Keep in mind that this is a rough draft and we'd like your comments. The Preserve System is our most important long term project and we need help to refine the proposal.

One final note: let me urge you to come to the Round River Rendezvous this 4th of July weekend. You won't be sorry. It will be momentous.

—DF



Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor are encouraged. Lengthy letters may be edited for space requirements. Be sure to indicate if you wish your name and location to appear. Send to PO Box 235, Ely, NV 89301.

Dear Annie

I want to take this time to give you a big thanks and appreciation for your behind-the-scenes support of Earth First! and basically keeping the act together. Your work is a cornerstone to the success of Earth First! and I suggest an Annie Appreciation Day at least once a month. With dinner and flowers at Ely's finest restaurant with all EFi staff in attendance. Enclosed is an alpine sunflower to brighten your day and let you know I appreciate you very much.

Zack

(Ed note: Ditto for us!)

Letters to the Editor

Hi Dave,

World Heritage legislation passed both houses of parliament today and we now wait to see if the High Court grants a temporary injunction to stop the work on the Franklin River Dam while the long State/Federal legal battle proceeds. If they don't grant the injunction we'll take to the streets of Canberra early June.

A new & powerful development here is that a group of women have formed to remove foreign military bases from Australia. They are planning a series of actions leading up to the blockade of Pine Gap (near Alice Springs, center of Australia) November 11 this year. Quite a few NAG ladies involved and the whole thing is strong.

Pine Gap being a US military base, it occurred to me that maybe some EFi ladies might be into some support action over there. If anyone's interested, they can write to Carol Fergusson, Tuntabla Falls, Nimbin NSW 2480, Australia.

Peace
John Seed

Letters, continued

Folks,

What does it take to whack the shit out of shit-heads like James Watt, Jesse Helms, and Jerry Falwell? Forget the Sierra Club and the Friends of the Earth. John Muir and Henry Thoreau would spin in their graves if they knew about the new generation of environmental bureaucrats who pander to big business and big government. As Thoreau and Muir might say: "If you're gonna be a revolutionary, you gotta act like a revolutionary!"

Earth First! is one group that has the potential for rekindling the fires in the environmental movement. There are two other groups also worth mentioning.

The "skinny-dippers function as a kind of "skinny-dippers rights" organization. They campaign for the legalization of clothes-optional recreation in tax-supported parks. (Hey, even the Catholic French, the Orthodox Greeks, and the Communist Bulgarians manage to tolerate full nudity on their public beaches. Is America a nation of prudes or what?)

The Naturists have had to battle with Federal and state parks bureaucrats who can't bear the thought of a naked ass in a wilderness pond or stream. The big environmental groups, also, have had some nasty things to say about skinny-dippers. The Audubon Society in Rhode Island—in alliance with the US Fish and Wildlife Service—has been trying to chase the skinny-dippers off one secluded beach on Narragansett Bay. Some of the Appalachian Mountain Club leaders in New York State have tried to enforce a "no skinny-dipping" rule among AMC members.

Skinny-dipping is as American as Huck Finn and Pocahontas. I don't want James Watt to threaten me with jail or a fine if I lose my pants in the woods. Being naked and at ease in the wilderness is my way of saying: "I'm free. I feel good. Don't put me in a cage." For information on the Naturists: The Naturists, PO Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54902.

Circle is another group worth mentioning. Circle functions as a non-profit "information exchange" for pagan-minded people. It's not a cult or a missionary society. Instead, Circle provides information on a wide variety of Neo-Pagan, spiritual feminist, shamanistic, Druidic, and other groups, that are involved with "the magical ways of Nature." If you've had it with patriarchal monotheism—or if you're bored with secular humanism—why not get in touch with Circle? Information: Circle, PO Box 9013, Madison, WI 53715.

A bit of flesh. A bit of pagan spirit. A lot of Earth First! fire and drive. Maybe we can reactivate the environmental movement and dump the Watt-Helms-Falwell crowd from its present position of authority. The Ecotopian revolution that could result could make the first Earth Day look like a Sunday school picnic.

Long live Wilderness!

—Henry A. Anasazi
Burlington, Vermont

Dear EFF!

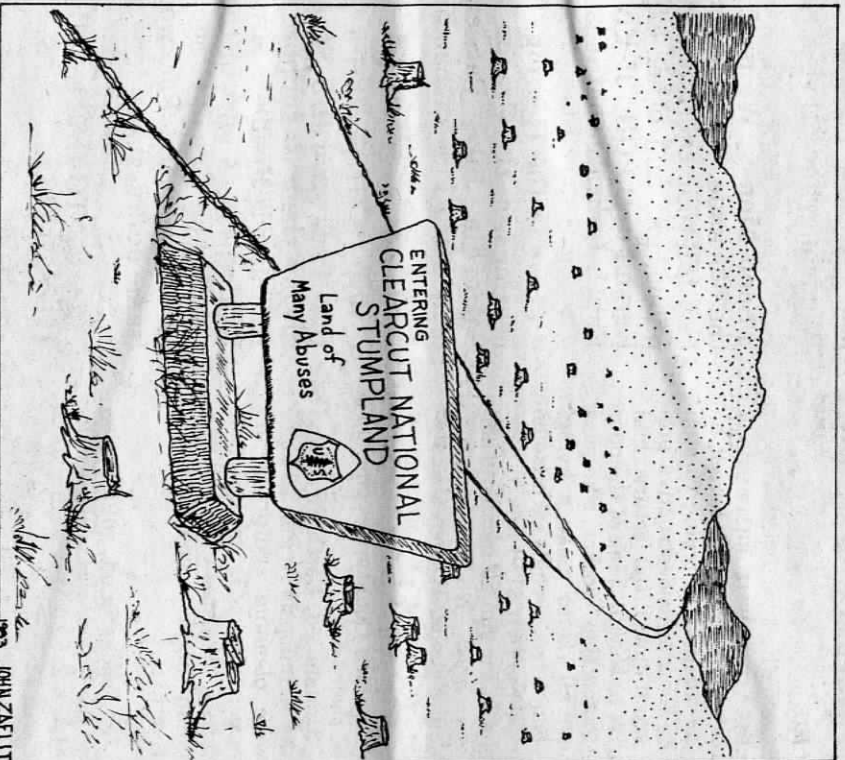
I just read about you guys in *Outside Magazine* and I must admit you sound like a rather interesting bunch. I feel it's fair of me to ask, though, just what have you done lately?

I'm in complete agreement with your stated goals and methods, but I wonder just what you have in mind with stunts like the "crack" in Glen Canyon Dam. That type of thing only gets you a few snickers and the opportunity for self-congratulatory pats on the ass.

"Guerilla theatre" is fine as long as you don't get so wrapped up in the theatre part that you forget about being guerrillas. Anyhow, I sure would like you guys to prove me wrong. Tell me more about yourselves. Send me your newsletter! Maybe I'll learn something! Maybe I'll join you!

San Francisco

Hope you learned something from this issue, buster.



Dear Earth First!

I had delayed sending this to you while trying to figure out how to express my annoyance with one of the items in the December 21 issue, in particular the quotation entitled, "Gandhi on Violence." Here is the beginning:

"The people of a village near Betiah told me that they had run away whilst the police were looting their houses and molesting their womenfolk..."

Do you see what's wrong with this? Gandhi thought that the people of the village were the same as the men of the village.

I had hoped that any newsletter making a big deal out of goddess worship would at least have added an editorial note to the effect that Gandhi obviously had some flaws, too. Big ones.

Heads up, folks! Sexism come from all directions.

—Judy Kunofsky

Berkeley

Ed note: Good point. Thanks for writing.

I spent five days this winter skiing and camping in the subzero cold of Idaho's spectacular White Cloud Peaks area. The beginning and the end of my trip were spent ascending and descending the rolling snow and sagebrush covered hills along lower Little Boulder Creek. The relatively light snowpack made skiing through the giant sagebrush a miserable experience. But it also assures the winter survival for many wild animals, including deer, elk, and bighorn sheep.

Most of our western mountain ranges are flanked by a relatively limited area of grassland or sagebrush steppe. The ecological significance of this "foothills zone" is disproportionately high when compared to its actual acreage. Unfortunately, these lower reaches of our mountain range ecosystems are, by nature, terribly vulnerable to development. In many cases they are



THE GRIZZLY DEN

by Howie Wolke

guidating our wilderness, and in maintaining their privileged position as exploiters of the public's lands.

It's time to stop cowering before the Industrial Monster! We need to start making wilderness proposals that are based on the ecological wholeness of each area, REGARDLESS of existing intrusions. And we need to seriously advocate and develop support for these proposals. Wilderness can and must be recreated. It is our job to deliver this message and to see that it happens.

Dear EFF!

It's good knowing someone cares! I love reading *Earth First!* - it's so refreshing to find such an energetic and open and outrageous publication. I'm working on a Masters degree in English and recently read Gerard Manley Hopkins. Here's one verse from a poem called "Inversnaid" (1918):

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

—Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear friends on the front in the Kalmiopsis

There isn't a day that goes by without me thinking about you. While I can't be with you, my thoughts of encouragement for each coming action, cheering for past actions, and determination for actions in progress are with you always. What you are doing in the Kalmiopsis is for you, for me, for this baby still inside me, and, most of all, for Earth. As you face each day, I know that emotions, discouragement, and fatigue are surrounding you. Please remember that your noble acts are scorned by a few but are admired and appreciated by many. Somebody has to take action. I thank each and every one of you for yours. The thoughts of others in Portland are with you. May Earth sustain you for your efforts. I know this effort will succeed.

—Melinda Lee

Dear EFF!

First of all, I love the *Earth First!* publication because it expresses that deep feeling for this fragile place we live on. Now for a question to your readers: do any of you know the name of some forestry school in Yreka, California? I'd appreciate hearing from you if you know. If any of you EFFers are in Western Massachusetts you have floor space and beans here.

Thanks

Waino Tuominen
Pond Brook Rd
Huntington, MA 01050

Dear Dave:
I have read your Statement in the Sierra election folder and very much agree.
I have been a Member for on-ly about a year but have been a rabid conservationist long before that. I grew up in the sagebrush country of the Oklahoma panhandle.
As it seems to be the most important part of the fight, I want to do what I can to help develop a progressively more effective and tough Sierra Club PAC.
Our basic enemy of course is population and ever since they hit the shore a Government-Industrial conspiracy has pushed an arrogant desecration of everything in front of them and via endless complications it increases by the hour.
As you indicate Sierra must now leave their birds-and-bees image and become progressively more brutal with their PAC programs.

—Kansas

Dear EFF!

I heard that you are a bunch of radical, crazed environmental lunatics! That your methods are unorthodox, destructive, and extreme! That you take matters into your own hands with pragmatic—even vengeful—action! I've heard also that all the proper environmental organizations look down on you with disdain and often anger! That you are setting back years of proper environmental progress!! So how the hell can I join? Where do I sign up?

—Florida

To the folks at *Earth First!*

Right on! Your approach to preservation is the most refreshing one I have seen in years.

A friend gave me a copy of your newspaper and each page was filled with rich commentaries and "to the point" news. I read about values, philosophies, politics and ideals that were founded on efficient ecological principles—with this state of mind, the ideals are synonymous with realities. I believe that and I believe in your work. Godspeed *Earth First!*

—San Rafael, CA

BLOCKADE

(Continued)

who had faced the first two groups. He told how he feared violence at the hands of the blockers. His wife said that every morning when he left for work she worried that she would be a widow come nightfall.

That Friday, May 6, most of the previous blockers appeared at an Earth First! Road Show in Eugene and captivated the crowd of well over a hundred. A six hour non-violent preparation on Sunday in Eugene drew some twenty people and five of these were ready to act on May 10. They were the ones attacked by Fred Brown and his bulldozer.

Their story was relayed to EFL organizers waiting in Grants Pass. Dave Foreman and Mike Roselle immediately paid a call to Siskiyou Forest Supervisor Bill Covey demanding that Plumley Construction have its contract revoked for the violence and that a moratorium be placed on construction of the Bald Mountain Road. Covey stonewalled Foreman and Roselle, claiming that no violence had occurred. Later the Josephine County Sheriff's Department also told them that no violence had happened and intimidated that the blockers were lying.

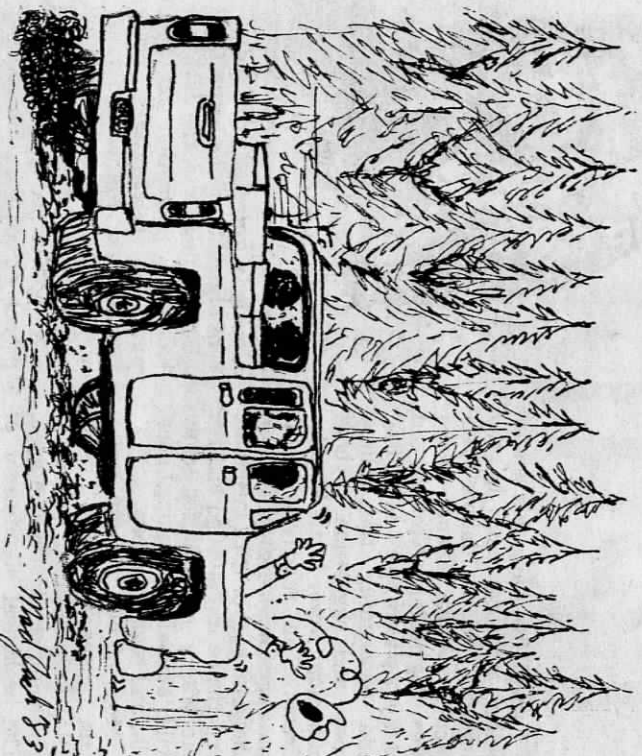
KOBI TV from Medford interviewed the five about the incident after they were released from jail that afternoon.

On Thursday, May 12, Dave Willis of Ashland and Dave Foreman set up a road block on the access road 10 miles from the construction area to stop the Plumley workers on their way to work. With the help of their support team, they pulled a downed tree into the road in front of them, because, as Foreman said, "I don't want to be a hood ornament on a Plumley truck."

At 6:00 A.M. a sheriff's deputy arrived and asked the men to move. They refused. The deputy then winched the log out of the way and parked 50 feet in front of them. Willis, missing both hands and feet from frostbite, was in his wheelchair. At 6:15, the Plumley sixpack pickup carrying 5 workers arrived and drove around the deputy's vehicle. They tried to pass Willis on the inside of the road cut but Foreman stepped over and blocked their path. They then drove to the outside of the road bend where Foreman had previously stood. He stepped back in place.

For a moment the blockers faced off the truck. Then it shot forward, hitting Foreman in the chest and knocking him back five feet. Again truck and man faced off. The truck pushed against Foreman. He pushed back. Les Moore, the driver of the truck, accelerated and pushed the truck firmly pressed against him. Foreman had to backpedal to keep from being run down. As the truck went faster and faster, he could not get out of the way. He finally lost his balance and went down before the truck. He held onto the bumper for a few seconds and the truck finally stopped. The distance was later measured at 103 yards.

The five construction workers piled out of the truck and sur-



rounded Foreman who was lying half under the front of it. "You dirty communist bastard," yelled Les Moore. "Why don't you go back to Russia where you came from?"

"But, Les," Foreman replied, "I'm a registered Republican."

Before any further incident could occur, the deputy dashed up, handcuffed Foreman and drug him away, under arrest for disorderly conduct. The construction workers then heaped their abuse on the media people present, warning them not to take further photographs "or else."

On the way down to Grants Pass, the deputy and his prisoner passed Sergeant Frank Taus of the Sheriff's Department. He told Foreman there would be no assault charges filed against any Plumley workers and then winked. Foreman was bailed out of jail that afternoon. Before going to a doctor, he told KOBI TV on the Courthouse steps that Les Moore's wife should worry less about being a widow and more about being the wife of a murderer.

The Sheriff's Department told the news media that there had been no assault, that Foreman had stepped in front of a moving vehicle and had been knocked down. They claimed the truck had immediately stopped. There was just one thing wrong with their story. A UPI reporter had witnessed the entire incident and two TV stations had filmed it. The Forest Service and Sheriff's Department were caught in their coverup when the television news aired that evening. The question remaining was: had the authorities encouraged the construction workers to intimidate the blockers?

Due to the negative publicity from both assaults, the Plumley Construction Company on Friday the 13th ordered its employees to refrain from further violence. Accepting that in good faith, the blockers decided not to press assault charges unless further incidents of violence took place.

Arrangement also took place on the 13th. Foreman pled not guilty and was released on his own recognizance until his trial with the bizarre and likely invalid order that he not set foot on Forest Service lands. The judge was not moved by his protestations that there were 180 million acres of National Forest lands in the United States. William Smith

"You dirty communist bastard! Why don't you go back to Russia?"

"But, Les, I'm a registered Republican."

pled no contest but made a statement as to how he felt he was justified in trying to stop the wilderness-destructive project. Judge O'Neil lectured him that he should think of the poor construction worker who was just trying to make a living. Then, to everyone's surprise he gave Smith a \$150 fine (no one else in the similar incidents had been fined). Norlen, Swanson, Campbell and Warren also pled not guilty and were ordered not to enter National Forest land in Josephine County, Oregon, until their trial.

Undaunted, Earth First! and the Kalmiopsis Action Alliance were planning additional and larger blockades in the near future. "We aren't finished by a damn sight," vowed Kevin Everhart.

(For background information on the Kalmiopsis issue, see the March 21 and May 1 editions of Earth First!.)

Kalmiopsis Blockade Honor Role

The following are those tree-huggers in Earth First! and the Kalmiopsis Action Alliance who have blockaded the Bald Mountain Road as of press time.

Kevin Everhart, Jackson, WY
Steve Marsden, Grants Pass, OR
Mike Roselle, Jackson, WY
Pedro Tama, Taklima, OR
Ric Bailey, Joseph, OR
Claudia Beausoleil, Williams, OR
Roman Cooper, Cave Junction, OR
Jim Goodwin, Eugene, OR
Mary Beth Nearing, Eugene, OR
Eric Nicholson, Williams, OR
Ron Zook, Cave Junction, OR
Molly Campbell, Eugene, OR
Doug Norlen, Eugene, OR
William Smith, Eugene, OR
Peter Swanson, Eugene, OR
Diana Warren, Eugene, OR
Dave Foreman, Ely, NV
Dave Willis, Ashland, OR
Jim Ferrara, Couelo, CA
Gimny Frundt, Couelo, CA
Lou Gold, Cave Junction, OR
Bill Goodell, Arcata, CA
Al Gwin, Eugene, OR
Mark McIvie, Williams, OR
Paulette Prutcher, Grants Pass, OR
Dave Rusk, Eugene, OR
Shelly Thompson, Arcata, OR

WHAT YOU CAN DO

The Kalmiopsis Blockade is the first stage of a major Earth First! campaign to protect intact forest ecosystems and reform the United States Forest Service. Your help is needed NOW to make the blockade a success. You can help in the following ways.

© **Take Part in the Blockade.** Organize a group of four or more people in your area to travel to the blockade together and take part in the action as an affinity group. Non-violent training can be arranged for your group either locally or in the Grants Pass area. Your group can participate at any time, for any length of time. If you are an individual, you can be placed in an affinity group on site. People are needed both for actual blockading (possible arrest) or for support (unlikely arrest).

© **Come to the Round River Rendezvous.** The RRR will be held on the July 2 - 4 weekend in the Siskiyou National Forest near Grants Pass, Oregon, and will focus on Old Growth Forest. It will be the focal event for the entire campaign and will feature a rally on July 3 with Gary Snyder, Dave Foreman, Johnny Sagebrush, Cecelia Ostrow, Jonathan Richman, David & Windsong, and other speakers and musicians. BYOB.

© **Send Money.** We have gone into debt to maintain the blockade. We need your contribution now to maintain full-time coordinators in the field, cover postage, phone, gas and other expenses. Send your check to Earth First! POB 235 Ely, NV 89301 payable to Earth First!. Indicate that it is for the Blockade Fund.

© **Come to the Hearing.** Sen. Mark Hatfield will hold hearings on the Oregon Wilderness Bill in Bend and Salem in July. Participate in the Earth First! demonstrations demanding protection for the North Kalmiopsis now!

© **Write Letters.** Write Senators Mark Hatfield and Bob Packwood (US Senate, Washington, DC 20510) urging them to support addition of the 235,000 acre Kalmiopsis Roadless Area to the existing Kalmiopsis Wilderness as part of the Oregon Wilderness Bill. If you live outside of Oregon, send copies of your letters to Hatfield and Packwood to your state's senators (same address).

FOR UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION ON ANY OF THIS, CALL:

EARTH FIRST! OREGON 503-592-4269 or in Eugene 503-342-7040 or 686-4356 or your local EFL! Contact. Or call Earth First! in Ely, NV 702-289-8636.

SUE THE EARTH FIRST! BASTARDS OFFICE

Just before press time, Earth First! decided to file suit against the United States Forest Service in an effort to stop the Bald Mountain Road project in the North Kalmiopsis Roadless Area. The lawsuit will be based on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals decision on the California vs. Block case in which the court ruled that the RARE II final Environmental Impact Statement was inadequate and therefore no development should take place in RARE II areas selected as non-wilderness by the Forest Service. Other National Forests are abiding by the court's decision but the Siskiyou National Forest has insouciantly ignored the decision and is quickly moving ahead to road and cut the North Kalmiopsis. This will be the first RARE II lawsuit brought by a conservation group.

LATE BULLETIN:

9 people were arrested blockading the Bald Mt. Road on May 31. 10 more were going in June 7.



Kalmiopsis Wilderness

OREGON WILDERNESS BILL

Those EF'ers who are familiar with Oregon Senator Mark O. Hatfield's position on wilderness may think attendance at his wilderness hearings this July in Salem and Bend (dates yet undecided) is an act of futility. But EF' participation at the hearings could be fun as well as effective. All EF'ers are encouraged to make a vocal and demonstrative appearance at the hearings. Bring signs, Silent Agitators, and support the EF'ers who will testify for some Real wilderness in Oregon. The EF' position will stress the preservation of all remaining old growth forests in Oregon: the

designation of all remaining roadless areas as wilderness; the establishment of wilderness recovery zones to rehabilitate previously logged and roaded areas. Those scrawny amoeba-shaped patches of "defacto" wilderness which scantily dot the public lands of Oregon merely constitute a base with which to begin a rejuvenation of true wilderness in this bioregion. All EF'ers who are tired of seeing the same old compromised wilderness proposals should attend. Those wishing to testify for EF' proposals should contact Ric Bailey at (503) 592-4269.



"Shut 'er down! We ain't moving!" - April 25



Pedro Tama Arrested



Steve Marsden, Pedro Tama, Kevin Everhart and Mike Roselle with captured bulldozer.

Personal Accounts (continued)

The dozer, visibly frustrated, once again retreated, this time about ten yards up the road. The blockade advanced over the berm, to the base of the blade.

"First down!" someone said. Les Moore, disgusted by the sight of the environmentalists, retreated another ten yards in reverse. He killed the engine and climbed down, this time with his thermos in hand.

"Bunch of Communist bastards! Who funds you anyway? The Rockefeller's?" He scowled as he walked up the road mumbling obscenities, on his way to call the sheriff. The blockers advanced another ten yards. They draped their banner over the dozer blade.

"Touch down!"

Meanwhile, an anxious Dave Foreman was leading the press corps through the mud. When they arrived on the scene, the bulldozer had been idle for half an hour, and a crowd of Earth First! support people were gathered around the captured machine. The blockade of the Bald Mountain Road had begun, after months of planning and preparations; so too, began the non-violent struggle to save all wilder'ness.

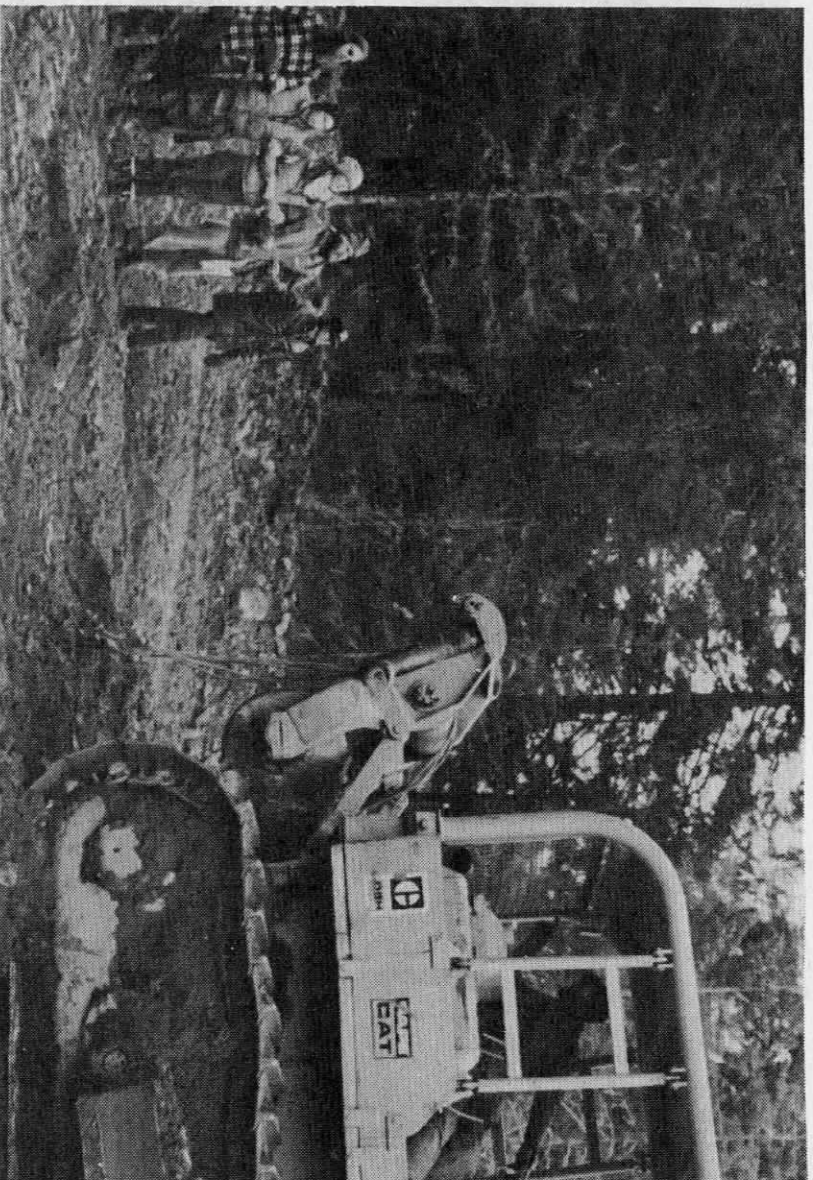
It would be th... more hours before the Josephine County Sheriff's deputies would arrive and haul the demonstrators off to jail. Work would resume on the controversial road. More blocks were to follow. The people of Oregon and the rest of the country were gearing up for a long fight.

#2 by Ric Bailey

The ten of us, the second wave of defense, rendezvoused at a deserted campground. It was May 5, 2:30 a.m., nine days after the initial blockade. Our strategy was altered by the recon report from the night before: The Fredgies had a double locked gate at the head of the road. We would have to hike three miles to reach the bat-tlefront.

During the long ride up to the gate, we sat in silence, in the backs of the pickups, some snoozing, most contemplating the task at hand. At last, we reached the gate. The pickups departed. We were on our own. We hadn't gone far before we were confronted by an unexpected peril: a dog barking. Its warnings shattered the tense stillness of the night. We retreated. After a brief conference, we decided to leave the road on the Northwest side, cir-cumventing the dog and pro-ble guard encampment. This we succeeded in doing without conflict. We reemerged from the bush, and started back down, passing silent pieces of machinery scattered along the accursed road, like so many behemoths in hibernation. We suppressed the obvious desires that arose.

Our objective was: locate the end of the constructed road, and there make our stand to prevent further intrusion into the as yet undeveloped portions of Bald Mountain Ridge. As dawn was breaking, we found our spot, where the last stretch of road went into a cutting bordered by a sheer wall of stone on the left, and a steep drop into a canyon flecked with



"You better get the hell out of here if you don't want to be killed!" Catskinner Fred Brown tells William Smith, Molly Campbell, Diana Warren, Peter Swanson, and Doug Norlen.

huge fir trees on the right. We mounted the stone embankment. We observed the road survey stakes that had been placed at the base of a tree that bore a sign proclaiming the boundary of the Kalmiopsis Wilderness Area. Anger and disgust inflamed us.

It was not long before we heard the sound we awaited: harsh and unmistakable. The surly growl of a D8 cat preparing for a day of destruction. The tone of "its" voice changed. We knew it was moving down toward us. We leaped onto the road: eight of us hand in hand, stretched across the road. Two photographers positioned themselves for action shots. The cat turned the corner into full view. It clattered toward us at full throttle. We held forth our arms in gesture of command and defiance. The great machine halted. It dropped its huge blade at our feet. Les Moore ("Les" wilderness "Moore" destruction) dis-mounted. He placed us all under citizens arrest, then left to fetch the sheriff. We held our position in front of the dozer savoring the accomplishment of phase one of our blockade.

It was an hour and a half before the sheriff's deputies arrived in 4-wheel drive pickups. We had an added surprise for them. As soon as our scout came running back with the news that they had arrived, we emptied our packs of the chains and handcuffs, and began phase II of our plan. We quickly bound ourselves to the bulldozer. Our ploy worked. The sheriff sent a man all the way back to town for a set of bolt cutters. By the time he returned, cut us loose, and we were hauled away, we had succeeded in delaying construction for 4½ hours.

We spent about 2 hours in jail, before being released on our own recognizance. We will go to court to face a charge of criminal mischief. But our blockade was a success, and the consequences were expected. Other affinity groups are forming, other strategies will be employed, and construction will halt more often, and for longer periods of time. At least, that is our hope. We feel in our hearts that we have contributed to a

#3 by Doug Norlen

The following is a personal account of the Tuesday, May 10 blockade which caused a one-hour shutdown of construction of the Bald Mountain road in the Kalmiopsis region.

Molly Campbell, William Smith, Peter Swanson, Diana Warren and I stood just above the road getting ready for our action. Stay calm. Deep breaths. Relax. Concentrate. Pray. Pull together! Ready, set, go! Ayess!!!

The five of us jumped down a steep fifteen foot embankment that was gouged into the mountainside to make room for

the logging roadbed. Two photographers, Frank and Karin followed, sliding and bouncing down to the roadbed. A third photographer, Omo remained perched safely above the roadway at a spot he later described as "a good vantage point to take pictures." The driver of the bulldozer was working a sharp corner turnout in the road about 20 yards down from where we descended. He saw us at once and his eyes bulged out. He reacted instantly by calling and waving to a giant earthmover driver who was dumping a load of dirt to build up the corner. The earth-mover driver immediately parked his machine, jumped out and ran by us to a white Plumley Company truck parked just up the road from us.

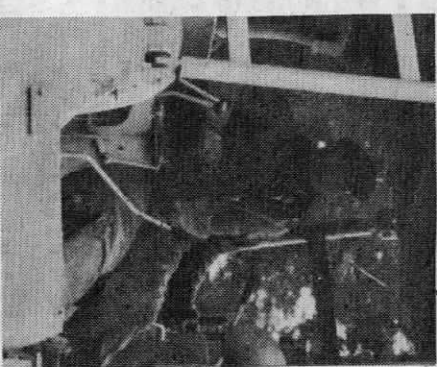
The Catskinner grabbed a quick gear and started down the road away from us. It appeared to me that he was frightened and was leaving to call the sheriff. However, when

he was just about completely around the corner, he appeared to have a change of emotions. He turned his dozer around and headed back towards the corner between us. He drove his dozer at a fast clip and began frantically working the corner again. The five of us linked arms and approached him.

As we approached the cat the driver in the Plumley Company truck drove past us to call the sheriff.

The dozer driver put his machine into reverse and backed towards us. He kept coming back and when his dozer was at arm's length to us, we stopped. He did not. He kept backing his dozer into us and we were forced backwards by the machine.

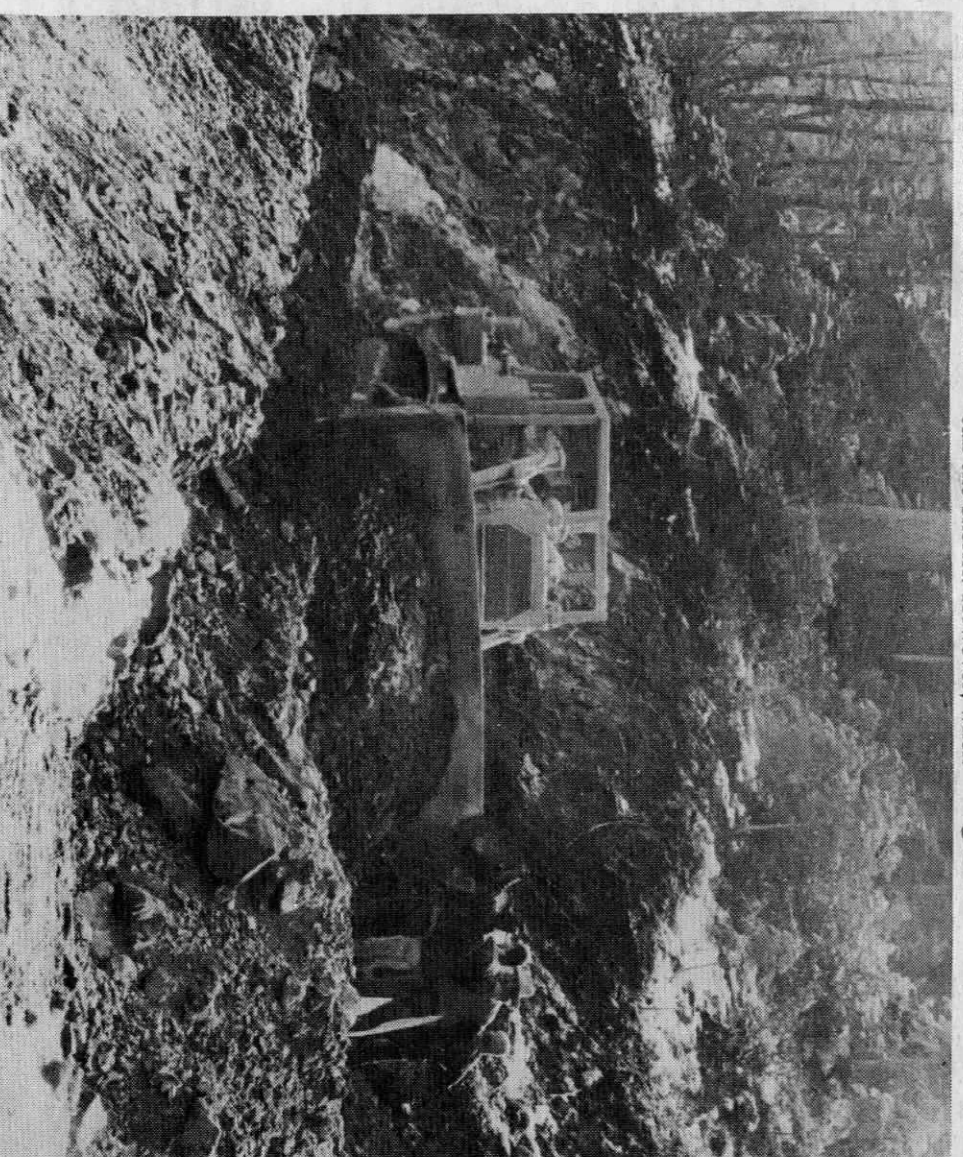
"You better get the hell out of here if you don't want to get killed!" he screamed as he pointed at us vindictively.



Fred Brown

It was then that I saw the man, saw his face clearly. He was wearing an Irish beret tilted to the right. He had very distinct Irish features with high cheekbones and a rolling chin. His eyes were red and intense, showing extreme anger and equally extreme fear. His lips quivered rapidly as he screamed at us. He seemed to be losing control.

After forcing us back about 20 feet he went forward toward the corner. The five of us regrouped and relinked our arms. The dozer shifted back in to reverse and started at us again.



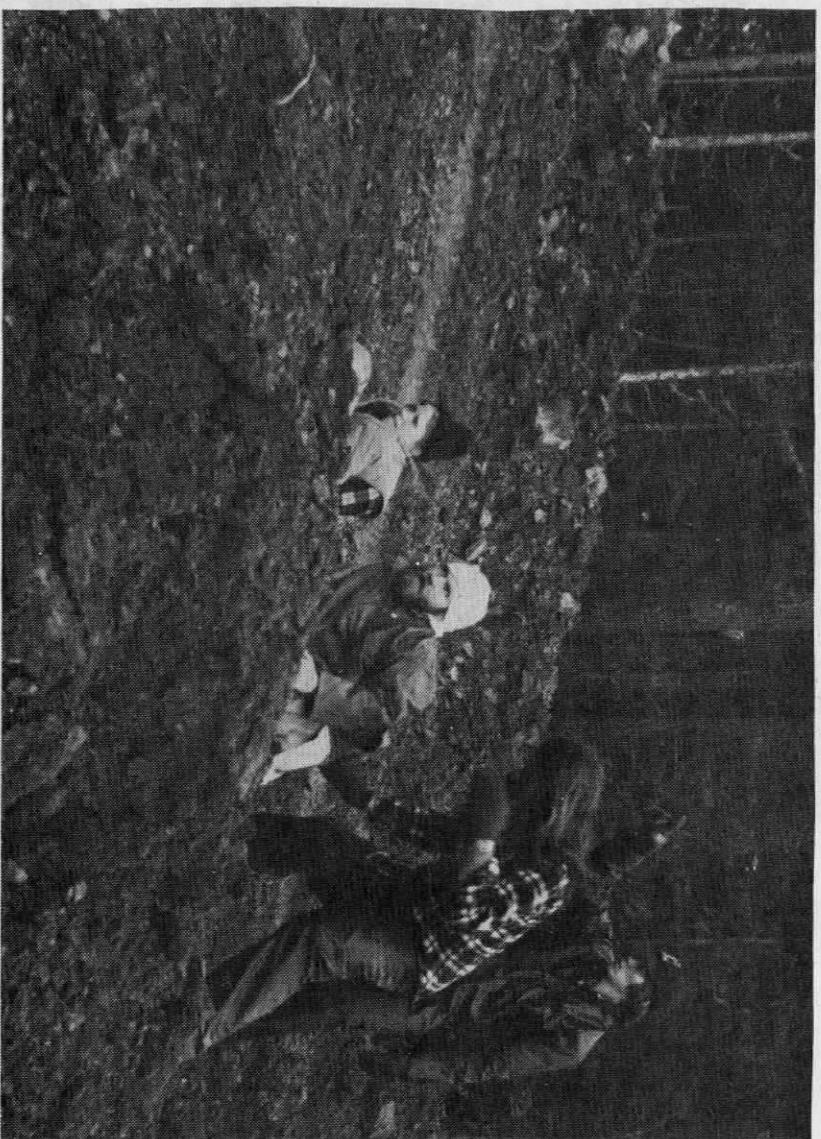
I was on the far left of our group with Peter, Diana and Molly in the middle and William on the far right. As he backed up and forced us backwards I tripped and fell. I was just able to leap out of the path of the tracks which left gashes in my boots. Peter decided to go for a ride and hung onto the dozer as it backed up. Then, as before, the cat stopped and went forward again.

Two young survivors on motorcycles were just down the road and were thoroughly enjoying the show. Then, they realized it was serious and quickly left. They probably did not want to get involved. The dozer then shifted into reverse and began its third attack. The third run was equally intense. The driver screamed, "You mother fuckers are gonna die!" and sped backwards just as before. It was then that I started having reservations. He, again, went forward and we

grab the top of the dozer blade and ride atop the wave of dirt. The others were not so lucky. The dozer plowed us for about ten feet. He then backed up.

I stood up, looked around and suddenly realized someone was missing. I looked down and was jolted by the sight of Diana's head, face down, protruding from the massive dirt pile. We frantically tried to dig her out. Molly was also buried to the waist and was trying to escape. Both of Peter's legs were buried to the thigh. Meanwhile, the dozer continued to work the corner where we lay, coming only a few feet from us. We yelled and screamed for him to stop. Finally, the dozer driver seemed to realize all he had done and stopped. He turned his dozer around and drove down the road. We dug ourselves out, regrouped and were soon busted by the sheriff's deputies when they arrived.

All in a day's work.



Buried by the Bulldozer

My plea is another step in challenging existing ideas, philosophies, and values of not only Josephine County but of our society at large.

Molly Campbell

Our blockade taught me that there are greater forces than us working on this. When the dozer was coming on the final run that plowed us under, my fear was taken away and I was given a feeling of peaceful acceptance of whatever was coming. I felt a unity with the earth and the spirits that I can't describe, and I knew that that time I wasn't going to move.

I don't believe any of us are particularly brave, but we were given strength at that moment by something outside ourselves. Call it God if you like, but whatever it is, there's something on our side that's bigger than any bulldozer. If we can act out of love for Mother Earth, rather than hatred for the enemy, and with the humility that comes from knowing that we're a small part of something greater than ourselves,

our power is unlimited. We can stop this road.

On the practical side, it's vital that before an action everybody in the group knows clearly how deep their partners' commitment is. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and if the operator senses any fear or hesitation on our part, the chances of attack are that much greater. And if they break one blockade, it's that much tougher for the next.

Peter Swanson

Solidarity in an affinity group is essential. All participants, both those doing the civil disobedience and the supporters should be as responsible for one another as family, rather than becoming an "affinity group" two hours before the action. This will facilitate necessary cohesiveness before, during and after the action. Affinity naturally includes each member's knowledge of the extent to which each other member is willing to accept bodily injury. Thereby, risks are taken with full awareness of their con-

sequences and benefits. Useless risks and mere heroics are minimized by a clear group. It is only with a tight, personal, affinity group that other factors, which vary radically from action to action, may be dealt with satisfactorily. Only a well grounded group can know how to deal with a situation that does not fit the planned tactics. Tight groups have supporters who know where to be, whether it be giving support during the actual action or support afterwards when the isolation and intimidation of the Law may become intense. Support people must have designated roles to play whether it be medical, news reporting, advisory, the actual being there for the group, and so on, or any combination of roles.

Most importantly we felt in our hearts that nonviolence works and it is the only way an ideological battle can be won in the long run.

Peace,
Doug Norlen
William Smith
Diana Warren

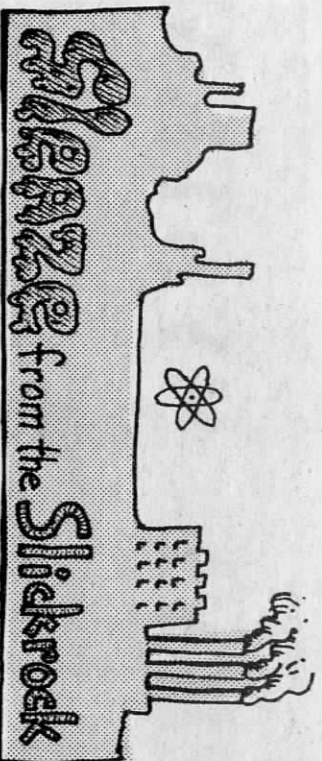


again, regrouped. I was screaming that he was a madman and we should get out of there. Peter was yelling to hold tight and not let him win. We reached a split-second consensus and held tight. The dozer came back for a fourth & fifth run. Miraculously, none of us were hurt. Throughout this ordeal, Frank, a freelance photographer, was taking pictures of it all. The cat driver realized this and went after him. The dozer drove at Frank and forced him off the road embankment. Frank then climbed back up and ran over to the parked earthmover. The dozer drove up to him and trapped him against the earthmover. The blade was only inches from his neck. Frank somehow managed to escape.

The five of us then walked toward the outside of the bend in the road. The dozer turned toward us, went in gear and came at us once again, but straight on this time. The madman lowered his blade and began scraping up dirt and rubble towards us. When he finally reached us, the pile of dirt which was about waist-high struck us head on. I was able to

#3 Statements

I no longer have doubts about my commitment to action NOW for the wilderness. It must be done. If we wait and go through the "proper channels" one more time, there will be no forests left. I knew this before I took part in the action but the strength of my beliefs and convictions grew after facing the angered bulldozer driver. I know that my commitment is stronger than any sentence imposed by the court system. That brings me to the second area of my new learning. My first inside view of the deputies and judges' daily life was much as I expected but eye-opening nonetheless. Paperwork, paperwork and more paperwork. No wonder they do not understand where we are coming from. To the police in the station, we were only a form in triplicate, to be approved and then filed. Though I would not necessarily recommend it, I pled not guilty and because of that I will probably see more of how the U.S. Forest Service, the county police and the judiciary system are "in bed together".



"Any environmentalist pukes in here?" Marvin Hotard

The Head of Joaquin Speaks

I am the head of Joaquin. I live in the slickrock desert of Southeastern Utah and watch the many imbeciles who have no heads attempt to destroy this sacred place. Let me tell you but a few of the stories...

I was perched in the Westerner Grill only yesterday watching my friend eat lard. (I do not eat-it just comes out my neck) when Moobile Marvin Hotard, average I.Q. known to exceed certain specimens of En-trada sandstone says to no one in particular, "any environmentalist pukes in here?" I mention this incident, so as to set the tone for all that is to follow. Southeast Utah, land of red rock splendor and dreamlike skies, home of Marvin Hotard...let us pray.

Nuke Dump

"We'll just shove em down the drill hole" County Commissioner

First, let us cast our gaze towards the continuing drama of the proposed nuke dump at Davis Canyon, 4000 feet from the "official" boundary of Canyonlands National Park. This proposal is so ludicrous, so absolutely absurd, that I have to constantly remind myself that it isn't some savage nightmare fantasy that I read about in a Hunter S. Thompson novel. At the most recent DOE "public forum" in Monticello, Utah, such local luminaries as Ray "Elmer Fudd" Tibbets (ex-Grand Co. commissioner), Harold "Blowfly" Gaither and Calvin "Bishop Love" Black (the kingfish of San Juan Co.) expounded on the great economic opportunities to be afforded by the construction of the dump and their "Vision" (read nightmare) for Southeastern Utah, the developmental kingdom they call Seutah.

It was the usual drivle espoused by these greeheads. Cal Black, chairman of the San Juan County Commission, continues to claim to be speaking for the "working man" (as opposed to us degenerate "professional environmentalists"). If he were truly the benevolent gentleman he claims to be, he would distribute among the poor of his county, the half a million dollars he reportedly keeps locked up in Blanding's First Security Bank. There are a lot of other questions we'd like to ask our buddy Calvin, but we'll save them for another time.

A highlight of the festivities came when our own Bob Phillips suggested that the cost of constructing a detention facility (to hold the thousands that will descend upon the site to form a human blockade to keep the DOE out) be added to the environmental assessment.

A grumbling San Juan County commissioner commented later, "We'll just shove 'em down the drill hole."

An interesting point was brought up regarding the "super-safe", waterproof, unbreakable canisters that are to contain the nuclear garbage. "If they're so safe, why are you burying them 2000 feet underground?" The DOE responded with their usual blank, zombie look, which is what they do best.

Paving Canyonlands: Cal Black's Dream

"A dead end road is a waste of money." Calvin Black

The NPS has decided to sell another part of its quickly deteriorating soul to the local Chamber of Commerce, when it begins paving 26 miles of dirt road in the Island in the Sky district of Canyonlands N.P. Construction is expected to start in late summer of 1983. When completed, the Island will conform to windshield tourists' standards already established in most Nat'l Park-ing Lots. But, as Sam Taylor, publisher of the Moab Times-Independent said gleefully, "it should increase visitation 100%!" All that money, all those tourists; why it's bound to bring a dollar sign to the eye of even the most brain-damaged greehead.

But, we've only just begun, as the late Karen Carpenter would have put it. In fact, our good buddy Bishop Love thinks paving a "dead end road" is a "waste of money." All roads should be designated scenic loops so sayeth orge Love from the kingdom of Seutah. To even think of having to look at the same scenery twice disturbs ol Cal to the very tentacles of his being.

Here, in a nutshell, is Cal Black's dream, at least highway construction-wise, for SEUtah. 1. Construct his very own "Kigalia Scenic Highway." After extending the Needles road to the confluence overlook, extend it south out of the park, through Beef Basin, across Elk Ridge and between the Bear's Ears to Natural Bridges Nat Mon. This makes a scenic loop. 2. Construct a new highway over the Book Cliffs and through the Ute Indian Reservation from Vernal to Thompson.

3. Replace historic (but narrow) Dewey Bridge - it's too narrow for Winnebagos & ore trucks; with a wider, more modern bridge. It'll bring in more money, er...visitors. 4. Construct a road from the Island, near Mineral Bottom, bridge across the Green River, through the Maze, west of Elaterite Butte, all the way to Hite, Utah. Note this is another scenic loop. 5. Etc., etc., etc.

It would appear this man was born with a serious birth defect, i.e. his head up his asshole.

Watt in Arches

"We know which environmental group did this." James Watt
And speaking of assholes. Speaking of an evil, warped scum that leaves a trail of green infected slime wherever he slithers, the BEAST came to Moab. The Pasty white shellfish men call 666, the "sick-relay" of In-"tear"-ior, James G. Watt, the most reviled semi-human since Adolf Hitler, came to town.

After hob-nobbing with local politicians (who begged and pleaded for his consideration in the above mentioned ass-fault projects) the beast took a tour of Arches N.P. He was greeted by a multitude of salutes sprayed on several park signs and across the very pavement that Watt so clearly loves. Judging from the content of the painted words, they appeared to have been written by someone who opposes the beast's environmental philosophy.

With television cameras rolling, Watt pointed to the vandalized signs and the warped mentality of his opponents. "We know which environmental group did this, though we don't need to mention any names!" said 666. Needless to say, like the powerline sabotage of two years ago, we get the blame for everything. James Watt on Nuke Dumps

"Wherever we put it, it's gonna be next to something." James Watt

And while on the subject of warped mentalities, the beast suggested that if drilling was needed in Canyonlands N.P. in conjunction with the proposed nuclear dump, he would permit it. Asked if he was concerned about the dump's proximity to the park, Watt shrugged. "Wherever we put it, it's gonna be next to something." James Watt earns \$33.62 per hour.

I can't go on-I could but I can't, I'm becoming ill. It's time to put my head back in the formaldehyde jar or those god-dam little maggots will start sucking out my eyeballs. I need my preservatives. After all, I've been dead for 133 years. —the head of Joaquin

"If the DOE needs to drill test holes inside Canyonlands National Park, I'll let them." James Watt

Earth First! Geekball of the month Award

John Ferrel, Utah International who wants to mine the Alton coal fields alongside Bryce Canyon National Park says that "visitors would spend more time at Yovimpa Point and enjoy it more if they didn't have all that uninterrupted scenery to look at. They need a little more action, and the coal mine is just the thing. I think it would add to the interest. And I personally don't think it would detract from the attractiveness of that particular scenic point."

Mr. Ferrel has been awarded an honorary life time membership in Earth Last. His trophy with a bulldozer will be sent to him in the mail.

MUTTERINGS FROM MAMA

by Marna Rue

Summer Solstice

At Summer Solstice, the midsummer sabbat (sabbath or holy celebration) celebrates the time when the Sun God is at the peak of his powers. But the celebration also contains a touch of sadness, because it is the time when his power begins to wane as the days gradually grow shorter. The Oak King, symbol of the waxing year, is defeated by the Holly King, symbol of the waning year, who will in turn be defeated by the Oak King at winter solstice. The waning of the sun will be commemorated in August at Lughnasad, the last holy day of the year. In the old calendar, which marked time with naturally recurring events of the sun, moon, and earth, the new year begins November 1st, Samhain.

During the year, to celebrate the natural holidays, I've recounted a number of myths about various conceptions of the Sun God, and there are many, many more that could be told. But for this particular high holiday of the Sun, I'd like to reinterpret an old prayer as many American Indians or others who relate religion to a balance of nature might read it.

Our Father who art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done,

On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread;

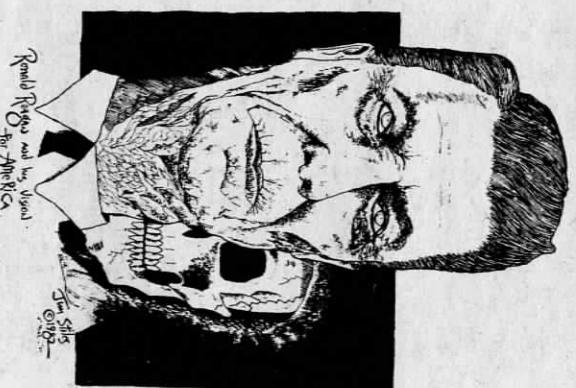
And forgive us our debts,

As we also have forgiven our debtors;

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever. (Matthew 6:9-15).



Foreman Shot Down in Flames
In case you haven't heard, the Sierra Club seems determined to retain its stuffy moderate image. Earth Firster Dave Foreman came in ninth in a field of ten in this spring's race for 5 open slots on the Sierra Club National Board of Directors. Foreman did receive 22,000 votes and without hesitation encouraged those voting for him to subscribe to Earth First! In one bright spot of the election, Dave Brower was elected to the Board of Directors.

For only you, Father Sun, have the energy which will keep the Earth and all her children cycling through the wheel of life for countless generations.

Save us from the consequences of our many hostile and greedy acts.

And keep us aware of the balance of nature so that we do not greedily take too much and deprive our children.

As we must forgive our fathers and grandfathers who were also irresponsible;

We know we have wasted her resources and failed to meet our obligations as her caretakers; forgive us,

Warm and fertilize our Mother Earth so that she may be fecund and rich with the life we kill to feed our lives;

Unless, through the Great Spirit's anger at our childish arrogance and failure to accept our responsibilities, the earth is turned into a ball of nuclear fire.

Then will we live as the Great Spirit intended.

When all humankind has learned to nourish themselves from your limitless energy,

We stand in worship and awe of your mighty power and energy.

Father Sun,

WILDERNESS PRESERVE SYSTEM

The central idea of Earth First! is that humans have no divine right to subdue the Earth, that we are merely one of several million forms of life on this planet. We reject even the notion of benevolent stewardship as that implies dominance. Instead we believe, as did Aldo Leopold, that we should be plain citizens of the land community.

The practical application of this philosophy is that large sections of Earth should be declared off-limits to industrial human civilization, as preserves for the free-flow of natural processes. These are not the puny and truncated wild areas anthropocentrically protected in national parks and wilderness areas. It is not enough to preserve the roadless, undeveloped country remaining. We must re-create wilderness in large regions: move out the cars and civilized people, dismantle the roads and dams, reclaim the plowed land and clearcuts, reintroduce extirpated species.

Significant areas of the Earth should be zoned for such preserves now: much of Australia, the North American Arctic, the Amazon, Tierra del Fuego/Patagonia/Southern Andes, New Guinea, Borneo, Greenland, Antarctica, Baja and the Sierra Madre in Mexico, the Galapagos Islands, the Falklands and South Georgia, the Sahara, the Congo Basin, Siberia, the Tien Shan/Gobi/Sinkiang region of Central Asia, as well as large realms of the oceans. While gasoline, asphalt, and concrete would be banned, indigenous peoples living a traditional pre-European-contact lifestyle could remain.

Even in the over-developed countries, much can be done to restore ecological diversity and balance. A large percentage of the United States should be returned to its natural condition. We should have large wilderness preserves for all our biological communities. We foresee this being done with minimal economic loss or disruption of communication and transportation.

In the draft plan presented here for a Wilderness Preserve System in the Lower 48 United States, we have used the Bailey-Kuchler ecosystem map as well as our personal knowledge and information from others to identify examples of all ecological communities that have the best potential for recovery to at least a quasi-wilderness condition. Although re-creation of meaningful wilderness will, in some areas, require the relocation of several thousand people or the removal of major installations, we have striven in this draft proposal to exclude significant population centers, agricultural and industrial zones, important highways, railroads, and powerlines. Nonetheless, our first priority has been protection of intact ecosystems.

The general guidelines for these preserves include:

- * No permanent human habitation except, in some cases, indigenous peoples living traditional (pre-1500 AD) lifestyles

- * No use of mechanized equipment or vehicles

- * No roads

- * No logging, mining, water diversion, industrial activity, agriculture, or grazing of domestic livestock

- * No use of artificial chemical substances

- * No control of wildfire (except during a transition period if needed to return to a natural fire regime)

- * Reintroduction of extirpated species

- * Removal of exotic species where possible

- * Dismantling, removal, or destruction of dams, roads, powerlines, buildings, structures, toxic substances, etc., where feasible, or allowing them to deteriorate otherwise (over time)

- * No overflights by aircraft

- * Elimination of outside adverse influences such as acid rain

- * Priority given to preservation of the ecosystem and native species over the safety and convenience of the human visitor

- * Limited corridors may be designated in some preserves for necessary pre-existing transportation, utility and communications systems

The proposal presented here is our draft for a Wilderness Preserve System which will allow meaningful wilderness to coexist with human civilization on the North American continent. Of course it is ambitious, even visionary. But it is impractical and outrageous only in the context of the bizarre utilitarian philosophy which separates one species (*Homo sapiens*) from its place in the biosphere and from its relationship with the land community and life cycles of the entire planet.

Some of the larger preserves have been divided into several units by corridors for major transportation routes. These corridors should be as narrow as possible, and highways, railroads, powerlines, pipelines, population centers, and visitor facilities should be tightly confined. We are seeking suggestions for refinements and additional preserves as well as commitments to work on finalizing certain preserve proposals. We eventually hope to produce a book giving detailed information and maps on all of these preserves. Help is also needed to extend the system to Hawaii and Alaska. Ideas on the non-management and rehabilitation of these preserves are welcomed.

Note: Acreages are approximate and include ocean for coastal areas. The total acreage involved in the Wilderness Preserve System is about 716 million acres. Units east of the Rockies are very rough drafts. Help is particularly needed to refine them.

1. **North Cascades**—WA. 6 million acres. From the Canadian border to I-90, this high country paradise includes Glacier Peak, Mt. Baker, North Cascades Park, Pasaytan Wilderness, Lake Chelan, and the Alpine Lakes. Diablo Dam and Ross Dam will be dismantled.

dismantled.

2. **Olympic Peninsula**—WA. 4.5 million acres. US 12 is the southern boundary. The Port Angeles/Bremerton area is excluded. The glacial landscape of the Olympic Mts. possibly the lushest temperate rainforest in the world, and the rugged Washington Coast are included.

3. **Oregon Cascades**—OR. 4.5 million acres. From US 20 south to Upper Klamath Lake, this preserve reaches down from Crater Lake and the Three Sisters to take in lower elevation forest recovery areas on both sides of the Cascades.

4. **North Coast**—CA & OR. 15 million acres. The most diverse coniferous forest on Earth is protected here and given a chance to regenerate. The area runs from nearly Coos Bay in Oregon to Clear Lake in California. Crescent City and the Eureka/Arcata area will be accessible only by boat, airplane, or foot. Rogue River, Kalmiopsis, Siskiyou, Redwood, Trinity Alps, King Range, Sinkyone, Yolla Bolly, Marble Mountain, Kelp forests, big rivers, big trees, big fish and Bigfoot.

5. **California**—CA. 3.5 million acres (2.5 million and 1 million) divided by Hwy 70. Oroville Reservoir will be drained.

- The north unit runs from the Sacramento River through the Ishi foothills to Lassen Peak. The south unit is Feather River country. The joining of the Sierra and Cascades, the foothills and the river valley. New home of the grizzly, wolf, valley oak and elk. Old California reborn.

6. **Hells Canyon**—OR, ID, WA. 4.5 million acres. Hells Canyon and the Eagle Cap Wilderness. Brownlee, Oxbow, and Hells Canyon dams have gotta go. Free the Snake River!

7. **Idaho**—ID, MT. 18 million acres in one unit with the Sawtooths, River of No Return, Selway/Bitterroot, and Clearwater reunited in one great wilderness. A second unit of 3.5 million acres includes the Lemhi, Lost River, Pioneers and White Cloud ranges with their intervening valleys.

8. **Northern Rockies**—MT. 6.5 million acres. Glacier Park, Great Bear, Bob Marshall, Lincoln/Scapogot, Mission Mountains as one unbroken preserve for the big bear.

9. **Yellowstone**—WY, MT, ID. 25 million acres in 5 units in order to allow road access to Old Faithful, Yellowstone Lake and Canyon, and Jackson Hole. The Gros Ventre, Wind Rivers, and Red Desert are combined in a 11.5 million acre unit of great diversity. Tetons, Paliades, and Grayback are in a 3.5 million acre unit. The Madison and Gallatin ranges in MT/WY comprise 2 million acres. Seven million acres are included in the Bearfoot/Absaroka unit. One million acres of the Bighorn Basin are also preserved.

10. **Great Rift**—ID. 2 million acres. This vast recent lava flow area includes Craters of the Moon.

11. **Wild Missouri**—MT. 7.5 million acres. The Wild Missouri and its Breaks, Fort Peck Reservoir will be drained.

12. **Great Basin**—NV, OR, UT, ID, CA. 66 million acres in five units. The first unit is the High Desert of NV, OR, & ID including Pyramid Lake, Black Rock Desert, Sheldon Antelope Range, Steens Mtn., Alvord Desert, and the Owyhee country. 30 million acres. The second unit is between I-80 and US 50 in NV and holds the Rubys and Clam Alpine ranges for 11 million acres. The third unit, also in NV, of 9 million acres is bordered by US 50, 6, and 95 and includes Arc Dome and the Monitor Range. Unit four is in NV between US 6 and 93. It has 7.5 million acres: Sheep Range, Quinn & Grant ranges. The last unit of 8.5 million acres is in NV and UT with Wheeler Peak, Mt. Moriah, the Deep Creeks, Sevier Lake, and the southern part of the Salt Lake Desert.

13. **Great Plains**—SD, ND, NB, MT, WY. 58 million acres. Two units of 37 million acres to the north and 21 million acres to the south divided by I-90. Reintroduce the buffalo, grizzly, wolf, and elk. Free the Lakota nation. The Shortgrass Prairie and Black Hills can live again.

14. **High Sierra**—CA. 8.5 million acres. John Muir's country from the Domeland Wilderness nearly to Lake Tahoe and reaching down into the foothills. If you want to see Yosemite Valley, walk 20 miles. Heich Hetchy will be freed of O'Shaunessy Dam.

15. **Big Sur**—CA. 2 million acres. The stunning California Coast without Highway 1.

16. **Channel Islands**—CA. 1.5 million acres. The water around them, too. Access by sailboat.

17. **Condor**—CA. 3 million acres of habitat for the big birds north of Santa Barbara in the San Rafael/Sespe-Frazier country.

18. **California Desert**—CA, NV & AZ. 27.5 million acres in five units divided by I-15, I-40, and I-10. Mono Lake, White Mountains, and Death Valley comprise 15.5 million acres in CA & NV. 3.5 million acres in CA & NV are in the unit centered on the Kelso Dunes. The Joshua Tree, Turtle Mtns., Whipple Mtns., and Colorado River south of Parker cover 6 million acres in CA & AZ. The Chuckawalla Mtns. and Colorado River south of Blythe comprise the fifth unit of 2.5 million acres. Some additional corridors or rerouting of transportation and utility features may be necessary.

19. **Arizona Desert**—AZ. 9 million acres in three units of 3 million acres each: Cabeza Prieta/Organ Pipe, Kofa; Buckskin/Arrastra/Hualapai ranges. Sonoran and Mohave deserts meet. Leave it for the Gila monsters and Abbey.

20. **Canyonlands**—UT, AZ, CO, WY, NV. 36 million acres in five units. Draining Lake Mead gives us the Grand Canyon and Arizona Strip in AZ, NV, & UT of 8.5 million acres. Draining Lake Foul recreates Bob Marshall's largest roadless area and returns Glen Canyon to Everett Reuss' ghost. One way road access from the ghost

town of Page will be allowed so folks can view the remnants of Glen Canyon Dam as a monument to man's stupidity. 13 million acres. Arches, Westwater, and the La Sal make up 2.5 million acres in UT & CO. 5.5 million acres of wilderness stretches from Desolation Canyon to the Book Cliffs in UT & CO. Sorry, boys, no oil shale development. Flaming Gorge Reservoir will be drained for a 6.5 million acre Uintah/Dinosaur/Abode Town unit in WY, CO & UT.

21. **Sierra Madre**—AZ, NM. 5 million acres in two units. 2.5 million are wholly in AZ and include the Galiburos, Pinalenos, Catalinas, Aravaipa and important mesquite-grassland valleys. The eastern 2.5 million acres is in NM & AZ with the Chiricahuas, Peloncillos, Antipas, and Big Hatchets. Home of Trogon and coatiundi.

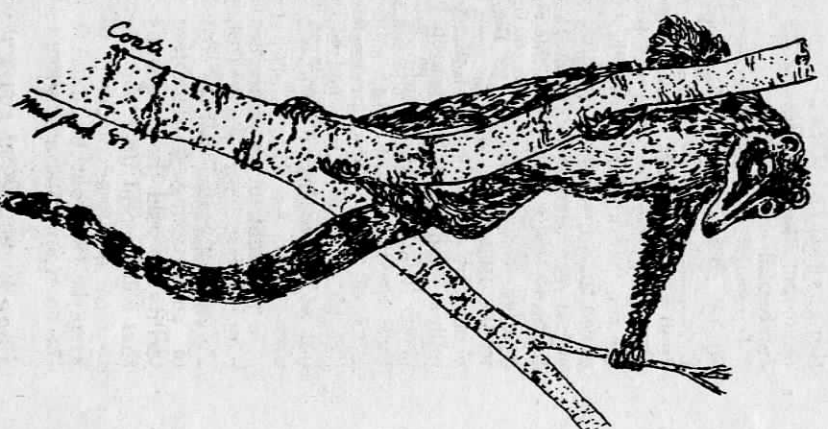
22. **Mogollon Highlands**—NM, AZ. 13 million acres. This is where the Rockies and Sierra Madre meet with the desert and the plains. Gila, Blue Range, Aldo Leopold, Mt. Baldy Wildernesses, San Francisco Canyon, Plains of San Augustin, Zuni Salt Lake. A special variance can allow the VLA to remain in the north part. Victorio wins in the end.

23. **Southern Rockies**—CO, NM. 8.5 million acres in 2 units: 4 million in the San Juan/Weminuche/La Garita/Big Blue/Cruces Basin of CO & NM; 4.5 million in the Sangre de Cristos of NM & CO.

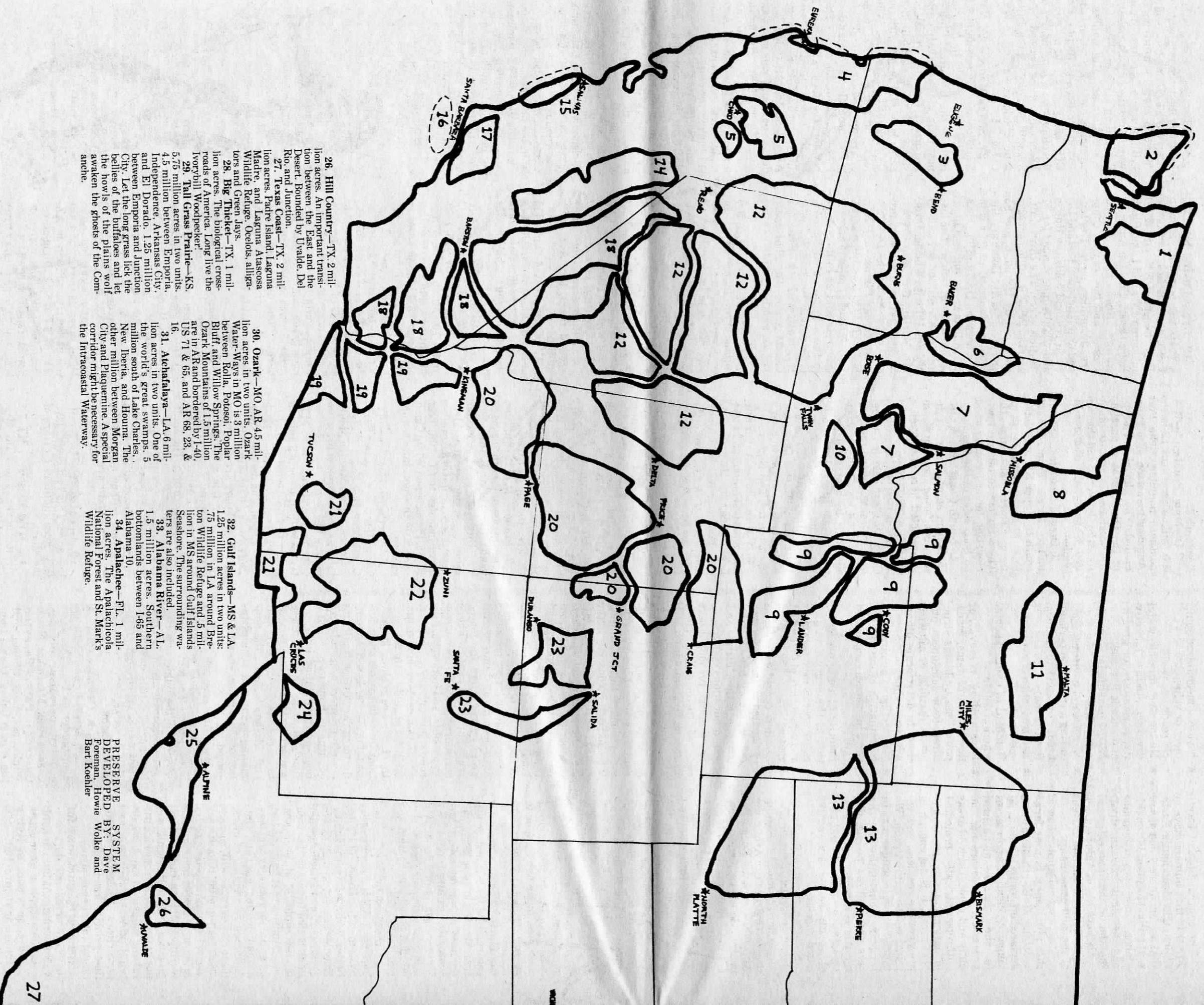
24. **Guadalupe Escarpment**—NM, TX. 2.5 million acres. Carlsbad Caverns & Guadalupe Mtns. national parks. Carlsbad Caverns itself will have vehicle access but many other caves will be in the preserve.

25. **Big Bend**—TX. 6 million acres. The Chihuahuan Desert of Big Bend National Park and the Rio Grande River. Presidio will be accessible by vehicle or train only through Mexico.

continued with map on next pages



THE EARTH FIRST! WILDLIFE



26. Hill Country—TX. 2 million acres. An important transition between the East and the Desert. Bounded by Uvalde, Del Rio, and Junction.

27. Texas Coast—TX. 2 million acres. Padre Island, Laguna Madre, and Laguna Atascosa Wildlife Refuge. Ocelots, alligators and Green jays.

28. Big Thicket—TX. 1 million acres. The biological crossroads of America. Long live the Ivorybill Woodpecker!

29. Tall Grass Prairie—KS. 5.75 million acres in two units. 4.5 million between Emporia, Independence, Arkansas City, and El Dorado. 1.25 million between Emporia and Junction City. Let the long grass lick the bellies of the buffaloes and let the howls of the plains wolf awaken the ghosts of the Comanche.

30. Ozark—MO, AR. 4.5 million acres in two units. Ozark Water-Ways in MO is 3 million between Rolla, Potosi, Poplar Bluff, and Willow Springs. The Ozark Mountains of 1.5 million are in AR and bordered by 1-40, US 71 & 65, and AR 68, 23, & 16.

31. Achafalaya—LA. 6 million acres in two units. One of the world's great swamps. 5 million south of Lake Charles, New Iberia, and Houma. The other million between Morgan City and Plaquemine. A special corridor might be necessary for the Intracoastal Waterway.

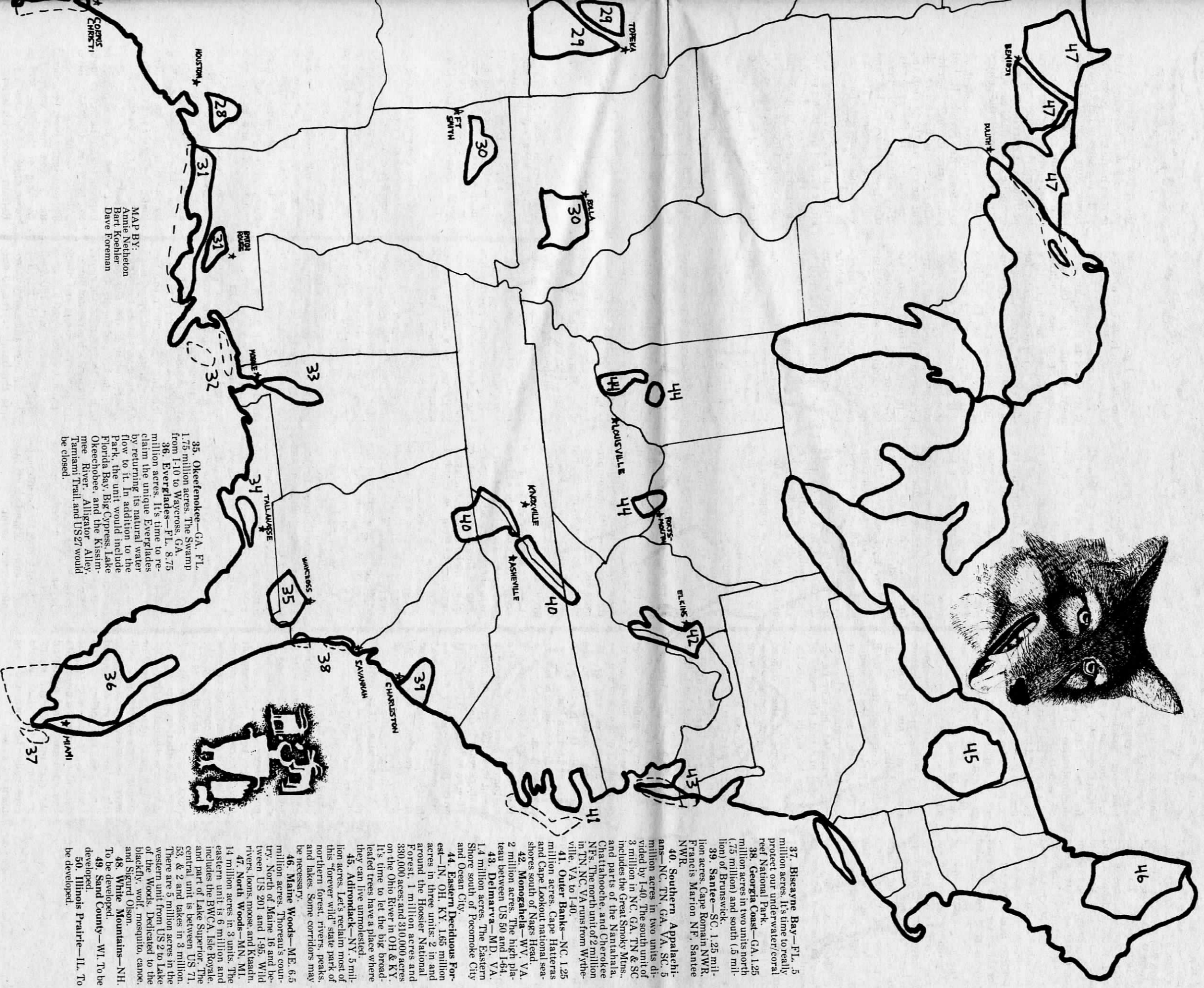
32. Gulf Islands—MS & LA. 1.25 million acres in two units: .75 million in LA around Breton Wildlife Refuge and .5 million in MS around Gulf Islands Seashore. The surrounding waters are also included.

33. Alabama River—AL. 1.5 million acres. Southern bottomlands between I-65 and Alabama 10.

34. Apalachicola—FL. 1 million acres. The Apalachicola National Forest and St. Mark's Wildlife Refuge.

PRESERVE SYSTEM
DEVELOPED BY: Dave Foreman, Howie Wolke and Bart Koehler

BUSINESS SYSTEM PRESERVE



GLEN CANYON

by Marc Brown

"I could have organized a better demonstration." James Watt

Del Webb Inc. held a birthday party for Lake Powell and Glen Canyon Dam on May 19th that they described as "grandier than John Wesley Powell could have imagined." To commemorate the damming of the lifeblood of the southwest and the creation of the lake called Powell, they brought in Interior Secretary James Watt along with the governors of Utah and Arizona, Scott Matheson and Bruce Babbitt. But while official ceremonies went on, Earth First! held a funeral service for the remarkable network of canyons that Powell called "Glen."

As the governors performed the christening ceremony for two new tour boats, precisely on the state line 100 yds from shore, and the Page, AZ high school band blared, an Earth First! pirate ship circled them and a crowd of more than 100 shouted their outrage at the obscene ceremony from the shore. Secretary Watt was nowhere to be seen, except as represented by a painted mannequin aboard the EFi vessel. It was decorated with signs and bunting, four other mannequins painted to resemble the Beach Boys, and 15 EFi members, plus a tombstone that listed the canyons, rivers and archaeological sites destroyed by the lake. Back and forth it steamed, mocking the ridiculous official event.

Then the rain came. A huge thunderhead rolled in to spoil the party, and forced the politicians back into their boats. As they hurried to the plastic comfort of Wahweap Marina the sky let loose her version of a christening as the demonstrators raced to the "fish cleaning area", the agreed upon location for the speeches and mourning. A stalwart group of six pallbearers braved the storm and came ashore aboard a tiny inflated raft carrying a casket that represented

all that was sacrificed twenty years before.

As the official group formed for their luncheon date with Watt, Earth First! held a wake. Art Goodtimes invoked the spirit of the canyon to remind the assembled of the awesome powers that will ultimately bring down the works of men, and which were so arrogantly defied in the construction of the dam.

Ken Sleight then praised EFi for the effort put into the demonstration. In a speech filled with remembrance of what was and of the battle to save it he reminded his audience of the duty to resist, of the obligation of those who see to speak, to act, to inspire others. He spoke at length of the beauties of the canyons and evoked a real sense of what was lost to those who were denied the opportunity to experience it. As he spoke the sky cleared and as a perfect complement to his call to action a small plane buzzed overhead, trailing a banner that read: Earth First! Free the Colorado!

The Earth Last! contingent from Albuquerque then burst in and demanded the lake be expanded and that the works of nature be sublimated to the demands of our consumer society. As some of them danced about in 'happy smokestack' costumes they repeated their chant, "Progress First! Man Second! Earth Last!" Finally, a group unable to hear any more assaulted their counter demonstration and sent them fleeing for their lives.

It was then Johnny Sagebrush's turn. The warned up and drying audience joined in several songs aimed at ridiculing the air of the stench of the official activities and of the false, flat monotony of the phoney lake that lay like a puddle of pus behind him.

The finale consisted of Digger describing an encounter with the secretary of the Interior in the Grand Canyon. With customary zeal and energy he maintained the sense of humor that pervaded the festivities. Though he bestowed upon Watt an eloquence doubtless not real, his portrayal of him was priceless: "I devour endangered species as snacks and see the destruction of entire ecosystems as my life's work."

Meanwhile, the pitiful chumps ensconced in the luncheon heard only the insipid drivel of the pasty white shellfish himself, chewed mindlessly on their rubber chicken, and doubtless wondered why the demonstrators were in such good humor.

A press corps numbering at least 85 recorded the events and, at least, in some cases, brought to life the concerns of the speakers and the history of this most flawed reclamation project. Whether in fact it was grander a celebration than J.W. Powell could have imagined or simply more grotesque, will never be known. But at least it's certain his view of the arid lands as too delicate, too beautiful to be left to the despoilers and greed merchants had spokesmen that day. And the certainty that the transgression of the dam would eventually be corrected was manifest as well.



by Marc Brown

"I'm not as stupid as I look." J.G. Watt May 19, 1983

Maybe not. But the 200 Earth First! members and sympathizers who gathered at the southern tip of the lake called Foul May 19th tried their best to point out the stupidity of his and the Reagan administration's policies and Watt, being what he is, made the job easy, with an assist from Del Webb, the concessionaire that operates the five marinas on the *stool of the Colorado*.

Elaborate advance planning assured a sizable media corps for what was billed as "a birthday celebration grander than John Wesley Powell could have imagined." Glen Canyon Dam, perhaps the most obscenely arrogant manifestation of banal insensitivity ever built is now 20 years old, and behind it lies the monotonous uniformity of Lake Powell, a wonderland of middle-class recreation where Winnebagos on pontoons rumble noisily over the drowned beauty of the heart of the canyon country.

But the mourners at the wake, as the Earth First! action was described, did not come to ridicule James Watt, or even to demonstrate their displeasure with him. The dam, the stool, came before Jimbo and will (perhaps) survive him. They came instead to be reminded of the tragic results of compromise and of political horse trading; a lesson taught in 1963 but still unlearned today by the establishment 'environmental' groups.

Spurs Jackson was tipped off about Watt's visit in late March and immediately sent out a data sheet to the EFi membership in the four corner states which included the official announcement from Del Webb. It soon became obvious that the beneficent concessionaire was trying to orchestrate not only the event itself, but who would hear of it and when. Thirty hand-picked journalists of the Sunday-supplement variety were sent invitations that included free lodging at the newly expanded Wahweap Lodge, helicopter rides to Rainbow Bridge, a rubber chicken luncheon, and access to the secretary, Dick Kemp of Del Webb, Phoenix, informed me that these people were extended prerequisites in exchange for services rendered. ("They're people who've written nice things about the lake over the years," he said.) The message they were supposed to return with was one of cooperation between the states of Arizona and Utah, the towns of Kanab and Page, the various governments, the Navajo nation, the National Park Service, and above all, subsuming the petty differences of her minor partners, Del Webb, Inc., employer of hundreds, host to millions.

"Is that then, all you intend to do?" John Holland, NPS law enforcement agent.

"Well, I guess I oughta tell you about the houseboat and the airplane now," Spurs Jackson.

By his own standards James Watt attracts the wrong element. Within days of the news release Spurs was inundated with requests for information on the "funeral ceremony for Glen Canyon." Articles appeared in numerous periodicals discussing the counter demonstration still weeks away. Del Webb's staged act was falling apart.

It was claimed by some that they had expected 7,000 guests, which if true meant that a lot of locals were invited. It was also rumored that 1500 people applied for press passes, though it was probably closer to 200. One newspaper counted 85 of his own kind actually at the luncheon. Most of them spun the free suites and copter rides since they'd been assigned to cover the demonstration as well as the speeches.

Officially (in Glen Canyon National Recreation Area all things official originate in Del Webb's offices in Phoenix) the birthday party consisted of the dedication of two new tour boats, one each by the Governors of Utah and Arizona, Scott Matheson and Bruce Babbitt. This was to take place at 11:00 am on the state line 100 yards from shore on a makeshift landing ramp. Then the official party, including invited boosters of all things superficial and transitory, were to float to Wahweap Marina for a luncheon where Watt would encourage them in their rape and plunder. Later, a barbecue at Rainbow Bridge would cap a consciousness day of insanity. It didn't work out that way.

However one approaches Page, Arizona, one is struck by the awesome arrogance required to dream up a scheme as demeaned as the dam. Lone Rock campground, two miles north of the marina, was the holding site for Earth First!, according to the permits. Wednesday night, May 18th, the blue and white houseboat rented from the great leech lay ten feet offshore being decorated. The pirates hauled aboard the bunting, signs, and mannequins. Soon it resembled a ragged parade float. Every few minutes the local constabulary would arrive and chat mindlessly with anyone bored enough to talk with them.

The houseboat set sail (fired up its belching diesel engines) at nine the following morning and proceeded to the staging area. Appropriately, the EFi activities were sited at the "fish cleaning area" near the Del Webb campground. Spurs' truck Alfonso served as the stage. At around 10:45 the tour boats were docked and the dignitaries took up their duties. On shore, the Page, AZ high school marching band, in orange and black regalia, trooped about and were reviewed by the party 100 yards offshore. Approximately 100 EFi demonstrators were alongside the band, trying to out-

shout the Sousa tunes. The governors were introduced and in turn made trivial comments on the pleasures of Lake Powell. Howie Wolke guided the houseboat back and forth.

When the rain began the official christening was moved to the marina. Six stalwart pallbearers carried a casket symbolic of the dead canyon in a tiny raft through the pelting rain.

The group then reassembled to listen to Ken Sleight. He had guided trips through Glen for many years and had led a small but angry battle to stop the destruction in the late 50s. "How will I describe the beautiful places that were lost, and that you will never see? It was a special place, now gone forever," he said.

Or is it? Have we through this effort turned the tables on the dam? The copious media coverage had much in common but what comes through is that it is now up to them to tell us why the dam should not be dismantled. Bruce Babbitt calls it "a trade-off... But it had to be." It didn't have to be. It doesn't have to be. Clearly, the battle is going well. Many people there found themselves wondering, "What will it be like when it's drained?" The asking of the question is progress.

"They had all these dummies aboard their ship to make it look like there were more of them." James Watt

Glen Canyon Dam

If you have any news clippings on our funeral party at Glen Canyon Dam, we would appreciate receiving copies of them. Also any photos you may have taken. Please send to **POB 26221, Salt Lake City, Utah 84126**

The Glen Canyon Dam Rag (Set the River Free)

Shawn Browning

Oh say can you see, thru the dawn's early light, that hole in old Glen Canyon dam that we put there last night.

Refrain:

Oh there it goes...just one good blow, we're gonna set that river free and let the water flow...

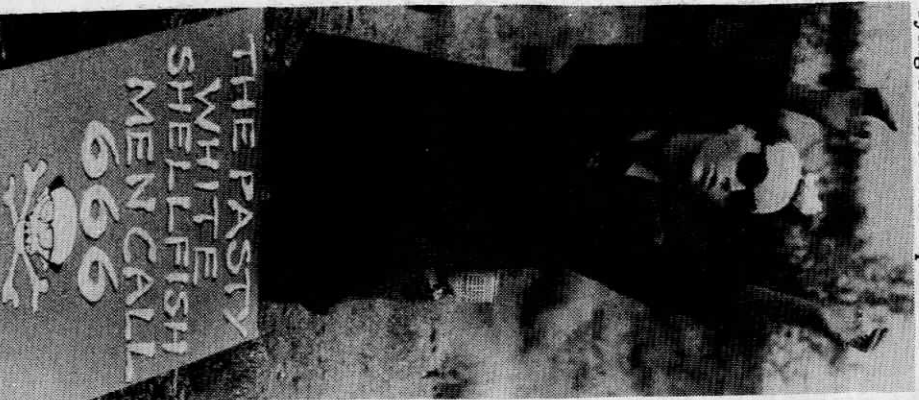
Oh there it goes...just one good blow, we're gonna crack that concrete dam and let the river go.

Them folks with all their gadgets will have to do without, we're gonna set that river free and put the candle out.

There'll be no more Lake Foul, by the time that we get done, just one slightly wet Glen Canyon and a river on the run.

Refrain:

That's the way it's meant to happen, that's the way it ought to be. The Colorado River a'flowin' to the sea, That current's been obstructed for far too many years. The crashing of that dam will be sweet music to our ears. Refrain - twice with feeling.



FRANKLIN RIVER VICTORY

by John Seed

Tasmania, Australia's smallest, least populated state, is an island about 150 miles south of the mainland. In spite of particularly brutal development which saw the systematic destruction of the aboriginal culture along with much of the natural environment, some remote areas remain wild and intact.

In particular, the south-west of the island contains a huge temperate rainforest wilderness which has become the focus of Australia's biggest ever environmental conflict.

The dispute centers around plans by the Tasmanian Hydro Electric Commission (H.E.C.) to dam the state's last wild river, the Franklin, which runs through the heart of the south-west wilderness.

The Franklin and the Gordon Rivers with their host of tributaries, form the major wild river system in Australia. These rivers are prized by whitewater canoeists and rafters who formed the backbone of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society (T.W.S.), which was formed in 1976 as the H.E.C. started surveying damsites.

As one of only three temperate wilderness areas remaining in the southern hemisphere (the other two are in Patagonia in South America and New Zealand's fiord country), S.W. Tasmania has attracted international attention. It was recently listed as a World Heritage area, and UNESCO requires that a country provide "to the utmost of its resources, the protection, conservation and transmission to future generations" of such an area. Other World Heritage areas include the Grand Canyon and Egypt's pyramids.

The leader of the Tasmanian state government, Robin Gray, holds a different view and recently referred to the

Franklin as a "brown, muddy, leech-ridden ditch". He sent a member of his cabinet to Paris in an unsuccessful bid to prevent World Heritage listing.

The forest is beautiful beyond description. Myrtle Beech, Leatherwood, King Billy Pine, Sassafras, Celery-top Pine, tree ferns and palms are reflected in the pure waters of the rivers and lakes. Huon Pine exist only here. The longest living tree in Australia, they have been carbon dated at 2,200 years and take 800 years to reach maturity. 40% of the world's Huon Pine habitat would be submerged if the dam were completed.

Tasmanian Devil, Tigercat, possums and Wallabies, Wombat, Bandicoot, Platypus and Echidna... these are the names of some of the mammals that inhabit the area.

Along the Franklin are vast limestone caves, archeological treasure-houses such as the Kutikina Cave which holds evidence of the most southerly extent of humankind at the end of the last ice age. They contain cave paintings of greater antiquity than those in France and Spain and would be flooded if the dam went ahead.

Extremely fragile, the rainforest does not regenerate after clearing or fire, but is at best replaced by secondary eucalypt forest. Ecologists believe these diverse forests to be remnants of those that once covered the whole land as the supercontinent of Gondwanaland broke up 100 million years ago.

A not uncommon experience for those defending this place,

is the feeling of being penetrated, transformed, empowered by a remarkable intelligence which abides here, that composes this ecosystem. The insight follows that this incredible genetic diversity is indeed more intelligent than we are. Rainforest, the very womb of life has evolved fully half of all the species on earth including, a few short million years ago, *Homo sapiens*.

In 1895, Launceston in the north of the island became the world's second town, after Niagara U.S.A. to be connected to hydro-electric power. Tasmania's social and political history has been closely tied to the development of this resource ever since. Last year over half of the state's budget went to the H.E.C.

Having built scores of dams, the H.E.C. now thrashes around like a wounded dinosaur. It justifies the Franklin dam by saying that employment will be created during its construction, and that the power will attract more industry to the state. Tasmania's unemployment rate, at about 12% is the highest in the country.

The T.W.S. claims that the H.E.C. is selling the power below cost to large industries - the cheapest electricity in the world - and that this is destroying rather than creating employment. For instance, the aluminum smelter, COMALCO uses 25% of the state's electricity yet employs only 0.3% of the workforce; the thirteen largest industries account for 3/4 of the state's power yet employ only

6% of the workforce, the cheap power is of course, subsidised by smaller industries and households. The billion \$ cost of the proposed dam must be borrowed, and here the H.E.C. competes for scarce capital with other projects which could produce far more employment.

Having failed to convince a succession of Tasmanian governments to change course (a state referendum last year gave the Tasmanians a choice between two dams, 40% nonetheless wrote 'no dams' on their ballots) the T.W.S. concentrated on lobbying for the federal government to intervene to stop the dam. The society organised the largest demonstrations seen in Australia since the Viet Nam war. Tens of thousands turned out in the mainland capital cities. In Hobart, capital of Tasmania, 12% of the population of the city turned out for one rally.

In a 1982 mainland by-election, 40% of voters wrote 'no dams' on their ballots. Still the Tasmania government pressed on and the federal government refused to intervene, stating that the issue of states' rights was more important than the dams issue. Every major newspaper in the country condemned this stand. The government claimed that it lacked the constitutional power to interfere, but a report from their attorney general leaked to the press stated that they not only had the right, but also the obligation to enforce the World Heritage treaty.

At the end of 1982, the T.W.S. called for non-violent direct action to stop the dam. Membership in the organisation had doubled to 8,000 in the previous four months and over 70 branches had formed throughout the country.

People from everywhere converged on the south-west. Over 3,000 took part in the ten week action, 1,400 were arrested for trespass or obstruction and face fines or prison sentences of up to six months. Over 400 people went to jail rather than sign the bail condition that they not "lurk, loiter or secrete" themselves on H.E.C. land. T.W.S. director Dr. Bob Brown, soon to be elected to the state senate, spent weeks in jail at Christmas time.

Floillas of yellow rubber rafts ("dukkies") blocked the passage of bulldozer-laden barges on the river, people sat down in front of bulldozers or obstructed chainsaws until arrested.

From the damsite on the junction of the two rivers, the Gordon flows twenty miles to Macquarie Harbour. Across the harbour, a further twenty

miles from the mouth of the river is the tiny port of Strahan. 30,000 tourists cruise from Strahan up the Gordon every year, and the major cruise operator donated a 50 seater craft to ferry protestors up to the dam site.

Upon arriving in Strahan, anyone intending to participate in the blockade spent some three days taking part in non-violent action training before being permitted up river. This training in the theory and practice of peaceful direct action meant that, in spite of all manner of provocation, there was not a single incident of violence or damage to property during the entire campaign. For weeks the blockade was top of the news throughout the country, and though it was sometimes difficult to watch the continued violence against the forest while hardly even pulling out a survey peg, this policy paid off.

By February this year with federal elections less than a month away, middle Australia felt comfortable enough with the situation for national opinion polls to show sentiment running 2 to 1 in favor of 'no dams'.

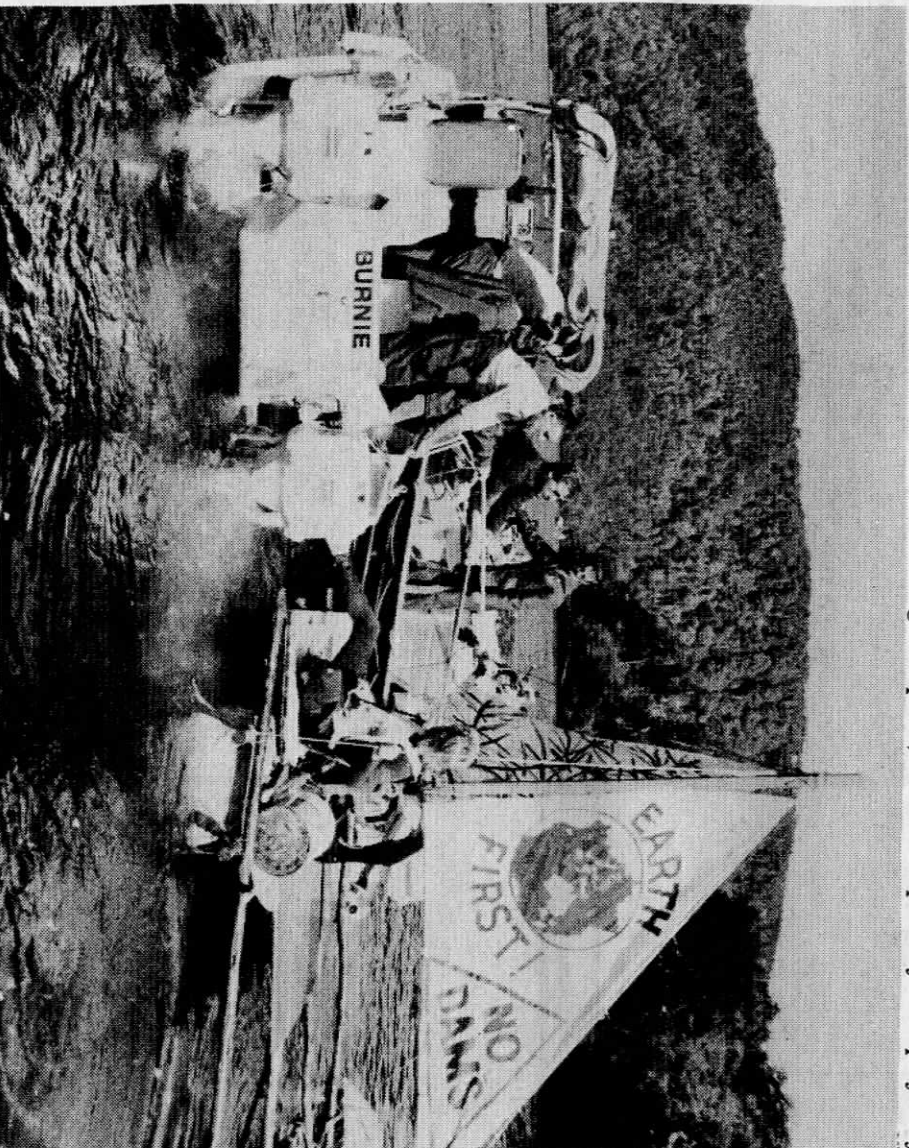
At this point the Australian conservation movement, which had never before acted in a politically united fashion, pledged its support to the opposition A.L.P. (Australian Labour Party) which gratefully agreed to preserve the whole of the Great Barrier Reef as well as S.W. Tasmania if elected. They also promised to spend \$500 million on job creation programs in Tasmania.

Alongside the blockade which continued unabated, the T.W.S. and other groups launched a political campaign concentrated on 13 marginal electorates which needed a swing of only a few percent to fall to the A.L.P. In the weeks preceding the election, there were some 200 T.W.S. volunteers in each of these electorates going door to door, distributing leaflets.

As it turned out, the swing against the government averaged 5% around the country and the first euphoric statement from Bob Hawke the new Prime Minister was that "the dam will not be built".

The blockade was immediately disbanded and only a small vigil is maintained up river watching the bulldozers proceed. At the end of March the federal government made its first move, enacting a regulation making further construction of the dam illegal. A High Court battle between the state and the nation is about to begin.

John Seed, Rainforest Information Center
Box 368 P.O. Lismore
N.S.W. 2480, Australia



EARTH FIRST! LOCAL GROUPS AND CONTACTS

EARTH FIRST! LOCAL GROUPS AND CONTACTS

If you want to become involved with other EARTH FIRSTERS in your area, contact one of the folks listed below. If you'd like to start a local group of EFP, or be a local contact, contact EFP in Ely, PO Box 225, Ely, NV 89301.

AUSTRALIA

John Seed, Rainforest Information Center
POB 368, Lismore,
New South Wales
2480 Australia

ALASKA

Earlbanks - Tom Pogson
SR 20056
Fairbanks, AK 99701

ARIZONA

Junan - R. Farnell
POB 1756
Jumeau, AK 99802

ARKANSAS

Little Rock - T.A. Alderson
1827 N. Jackson
Little Rock, AR 72203

CALIFORNIA

Arcaia - Bill Deyall
POB 21
Arcaia, CA 95521

BERKELEY

Ed Hecke
Si Del Mar
Berkeley, CA 94708

CHICAGO

Chico - Mitch Weiss
POB 1372
Chicago, CA 95527

DAVIS

Greg Marshall
POB 853
Davis, CA 95616

FRESNO

Michael Bordenave
Sherrin Assoc. for the Environ-
ment (SAFE)
3771 Circle Dr
W. Fresno, CA 93704

MARTIN COUNTY

Tim Jeffries
22 Claus Circle
Fairfax, CA 91030

PLACERVILLE

Jake Blue & Becky Windmiller
Box C, Lotus, CA 95651

SACRAMENTO

Dennis McEwen
3424 Von Bauer Way
Sacramento, CA 95821

SANTA BARBARA

Matt Huck-
master, 6764 Stono Ave. B
Goleta, CA 93117

SANTA BARBARA

Lawrence
Worcester
655 Camino del Sur
Isla Vista, CA 93117

SANTA CRUZ

John Brockle-
bank, 118 Olive St.
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

SAN DIEGO

Linda Svendsen
PO Box 2256, Laucadia, CA 92034

SAN FRANCISCO

Phillip
Friedman
2300 Ortega St.
San Francisco, CA 94122

SAN JOSE

Obispo - Jean C.
Gordon
1214 B Mill St.
San Jose, Obispo, CA 95101

SEANAMOUNT

Ken D'Antonio
10101 Hwy 116
Forestville, CA 96436

ST. LOUIS

Steve Rauworth
8593 Hwy 172
Irrigon, CO 81137

FL. COLLINS

Chris Johnson
1850 Laporte #B9
FL Collins, CO 80521

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Chris Johnson
1850 Laporte #B9
FL Collins, CO 80521

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FL Collins, CO 80521

NEW YORK

Tracy - Ralph Meima
221 Liberty St.
Troy, NY 12180

TULLY

Milton Hocher
Tully, NY 13129

NORTH CAROLINA

Andrews - Hank & Mary
Fonda
Rt. 1 Box 6105
Andrews, NC 28601

OHIO

Columbus - Reed Noss
140 N. West St
Westerville, OH 43081

OKLAHOMA

Forest Johnson
1402 Rebecca Lane
Norman, OK 73069

OREGON

Corvallis - Lynn Cochran
741 NW 27th
Corvallis, OR 97330

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia - Lisa Jo Frech
235 Plymouth Rd
Waymire Valley, PA 19437

TEXAS

Bio Grande Guides' Assoc.
Box 57
Terlingua, TX 78852

UTAH

Escalante - Robert Weed
Calf Creek, Box 60
Escalante, UT 84726

VERMONT

Springfield - Linda Hay
POB 781
Springfield, VT 05156

VIRGINIA

Alan Kinchloe
Rt. 1 Box 514
Millboro, VA 22140

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WEST VIRGINIA

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Box 222-A
RR 1

WISCONSIN

Mert Kuehn
703 Union St. #2, Hartford, WI
53027 (414) 674-0372

WISCONSIN

Madison - Bob Kasper
305 N. Sixth St.
Madison, WI 53704

WYOMING

Johnson - Chris England
Box 2166 Jackson, WY 83001

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WYOMING

DEAR NED Ludd

Ned Ludd's Tool Box Part 2: Radio Equipment

While not actually a tool of sabotage, radios are perhaps the best tools a gang could have to avoid getting caught. They allow you to place a lookout miles away on a mountain top or along an access road. This changes warning time from moments to minutes and allows a clean get-away. If radio frequency and power output are properly chosen, the chance of being overheard is practically nil, and if, in addition, you use codes that sound like innocuous language, anyone who happens to listen may not become suspicious. A warning though—the use of any radio equipment for illegal purposes or to aid anything illegal is a violation of FCC regulations and is therefore a federal offense. This should be taken into account, especially when the monkey-wrench act itself is relatively minor in the eyes of the law.

What I recommend as a basic piece of radio equipment is a

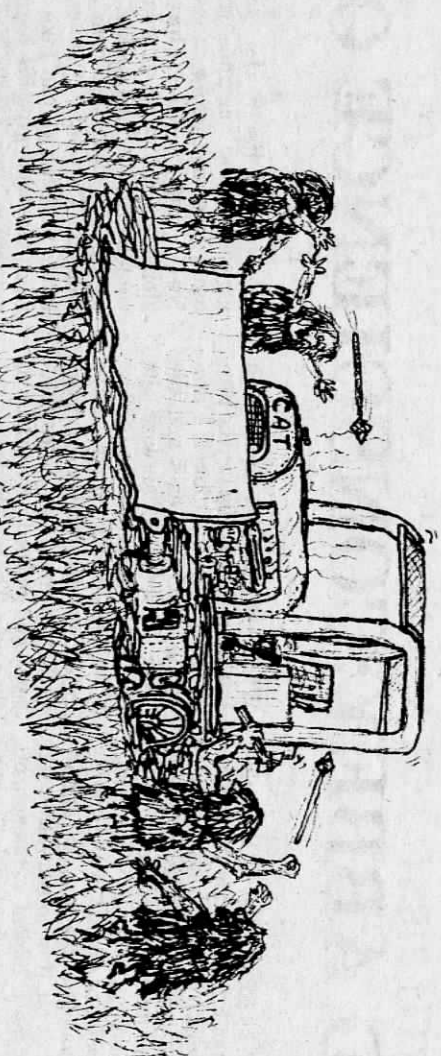
full power (5 watt) citizens band (CB) hand-held transceiver ("walkie-talkie") with multi-channel capability (preferably all 40 channels), an internal 12 volt battery supply, and a high-low power switch.

Five watt transmitters have an effective range of from one to a dozen miles or more depending on local terrain, weather, and electrical interference. Greater power is rarely necessary and even this amount of power could be easily overheard by the wrong people in many areas. Thus the high-low power switch. Its use will save batteries and minimize the chance of being overheard.

I recommend CBs because they are relatively cheap, easy to get, and common enough to be only minimally suspicious. Also, because they work in the low frequency AM mode, their signal bends easily and is thus more suitable for rugged terrain than higher frequency FM.

A 12 volt power requirement for the radio allows the unit to be plugged directly into a vehicle electrical system for mobile

use. For portable use, the power supply is usually either 8 standard AA size alkaline or 10 AA nickel-cadmium batteries in series. Alkaline batteries have about twice the electrical capacity of nicads and cost about half as much, but they cannot be recharged (I've read that some kinds of alkaline batteries can be recharged, but I've never seen them). Nicads can be recharged hundreds of times, offsetting their initial cost of about 3 dollars apiece. Nickel-cadmium batteries are especially convenient when they can be charged from a vehicle's electrical system. A



special charger for this purpose can be built for less than 10 dollars from parts obtainable from any Radio Shack or other electronics store. By using a transistorized voltage doubler circuit it solves the problem of the vehicle battery being the same voltage as the radio battery pack. Complete plans can be found in the 1982 edition of *The Radio Amateur's Handbook*, and assembly requires little knowledge of electronics.

Regardless of whether they are charged on a standard home battery charger or on a vehicular battery charger, nicad batteries should be fully discharged before recharging each time. If they are only partially discharged before recharging, they tend to develop a "memory" at that point and may not provide service beyond that point in the future.

The cost for two radios with nicads and charger as described above should run about 200 dollars and should be readily obtainable in any medium sized town. That is cheaper than legal fees and fines. If Abzug, Hayduke, Sarvis, and Seldon Seen had used radios, they probably would have never gotten caught.

—Robin Hood

Earth First! Action in Wisconsin

We are going to need some Earth First! action here soon in Wisconsin. Exxon is nearly ready to mine for copper/zinc (possibly uranium) in a remote area of northeastern Wisconsin near the Nicolet National Forest and the Sokaogan and Potawatomi Indian Tribes. As usual, the legal and political channels are breaking down and it is time for direct action! Over 400,000 acres of Wisconsin north woods are under siege by 25 multi-national corporations. It's about time to send those suckers home (if they have a home)!

We also must make a visible statement about the annual national and state forest herbicide spray plans. They are getting ready to douse us again and we've got to stop them again! Any Wisconsin Earth First!ers who have action ideas, please get in touch with me.

Chris Kalka
Box 224
Holcombe, WI 54745
(715) 595-6289

Earth First! Action in Ohio

Earth First! in Ohio is beginning to organize and is calling for the recreation of a deciduous forest wilderness along the Ohio River, immediate curtailment of SO₂ (acid rain) emissions in the Ohio Valley, consolidation and rehabilitation of the Wayne National Forest instead of selling it off, expansion of the Ohio state nature reserve system, a biocentric ethic on all issues, and willingness to engage in non-violent direct action to oppose destruction of natural ecosystems. To help develop a strong Earth First! presence in Ohio, contact Reed Noss (Columbus area) 140 N. West St., Westerville, OH 43081 (614) 891-4815; or Rik Thuesen, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, OH 45387 (513) 767-7331. It is further rumored that Kalmiopsis Blockade organizer and Wyoming hunting guide Kevin Everhart will be returning to Ohio this fall to begin classes at Antioch.



WISCONSIN
Earth First!
Meeting
Saturday
July 30
2:00 p.m.
Call Meri at
414-673-6372
for information

EARTH FIRST!

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CECIL GARLAND (UTAH'S HEROIC
"KID") SLEIGHT (PIONEER GLEN CANYON)
ARTFUL GOODTIMES (COLORADO EARTH-POET)
DAVE (DIGGER) FOREMAN (CO-FOUNDER OF
EARTH FIRST!)

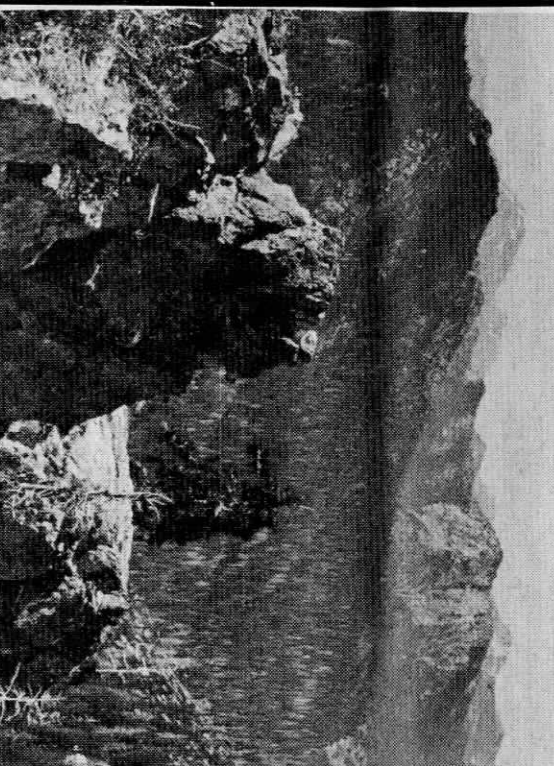
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NO G-O ROAD!



In an historic, thorough and sweeping decision, US District Judge Stanley Weigel killed the Gasquet-Orleans (G-O) Road through the sacred high country wilderness of the Siskiyou Mountains in Northern California on May 25. Judge Weigel ruled on a suit brought by Indian groups and the Sierra Club against Forest Service plans to road and log the Chimney Rock/Blue Creek country of the Six Rivers National Forest.

The decision stated that the First Amendment religious rights of the Yurok, Karok and Tolowa peoples outweighed the dubious benefits claimed for the road by the Forest Service. In a stunning setback for Forest Service wilderness destruction plans, Judge Weigel also said that the Six Rivers National Forest's Blue Creek Management Plan violated the Wilderness Act, National Environmental Policy Act, the Federal Water Quality Control Act and Indian fishing and water rights on the Hoopa Reservation.

Weigel permanently prohibited the Forest Service from development activities in 27

square miles of the Siskiyou High Country and ordered the Freddees to produce a new environmental impact statement and hold new public hearings if they hope to re-route the road or undertake logging in the lower elevations of Blue Creek.

"This is a major setback to the Freddees' mad dash to liquidate the old growth forest of the Pacific coast," said Mike Roselle, Earth First! organizer for the Bald Mountain Road Blockade. "It gives us a second wind in fighting their plans to destroy the Kalmiopsis country here in Oregon. We're hoping to see lots of Californians who were planning to blockade the NO G-O Road with us coming up here to help with the Bald Mountain Road Blockade."

Dave Foreman said, "This is one of the most important court decisions involving wilderness we will ever see. Hopefully it will make the point that wilderness is sacred space and not just recreation land. Our thanks go to the Native Peoples of the Northwest, the Sierra Club, and other groups involved in the suit."

ED ABBEY: CONSCIENCE OF THE CONQUERER

Reprinted from *The Journey Home*

If, as some believe, the evolution of humankind is the means by which the earth has become conscious of itself, then it may follow that the conservationist awakening is the late-flowering conscience of that world mind. A vainglorious exaggeration? Not at all, if in conservation we can see a logical extension of the traditional Christian ethic—and that of the other world religions—beyond narrowly human concerns to include the other living creatures with whom we share this planet. Not only those obviously beneficial to us, but even those that might appear to be competitors, even enemies. The broadening of the ethic cannot stop at this point; once we become generous enough in spirit to share goodwill with living things, we can advance to the nonliving, the organic, to the springs, streams, lakes, rivers, and oceans, to the winds and clouds, even the rocks that form the foundation of our little planet.

All is one, say the mystics. Well, maybe. Who knows? Some of us might prefer to stress the unique, the individual, the diversity of things. But it now seems well proven that all things, animate and inanimate, living and (as we say) nonliving, are clearly interdependent. Each form of life needs the others. We see ourselves, the human race, as the apex of a pyramid of life, the point of it all—and not without justice. Through humanity the earth finds its voice. But we in turn are merely raw material for others: the microorganisms that thrive in our bodies while we live, the bacteria that feast on our flesh after death, the plants that draw nutriment from our bones would be entitled to believe that God created the human race to serve their needs. The very concept of a special creation should give pause to those Christians who hold the view, still widespread and dominant in our society, that everything on earth exists for the sake of man.

This is not to say that the Peaceable Kingdom can or ever should exist on earth. Conflict within and between species is inevitable, necessary, and up to an optimum point, desirable.

When the lion lies down with the lamb, it must be for the purpose of sharing a dinner, a dinner in which one eats and the other is eaten. Otherwise the lion would starve to death. The lamb itself eats grass, those green, tender, delicate beings with who knows what fine emotions and refined aspirations of their own. The moralistic vegetarian is a hypocrite: no self-respecting herbivore would share such a doctrine for a moment.

Competition within the species is likewise desirable—to a point. An absolute leveling of men and women would reduce humankind to the status of the social insects, good enough for ants, bees, and termites, but inappropriate to our kind and a serious injustice to those among us with the special qualities and abilities that give variety, vigor, zest, progress (yes, there is such a thing as progress), and finally glory to the human enterprise. Any Utopia, any Golden Age of Unlimited Power and Plenty, whether mystical, pastoral, or technological, where the needs and pleasures of life can be obtained without effort, would be a world of insufferable boredom, downgrading humans to the sloth and torpor of swine in a luxury sty; unworthy of us, the death of our nature.

Nevertheless, the opposite course leads to an equally fatal result. Unlimited struggle within a species would destroy that species; the human race has now reached a stage in its cleverness where, for example, we can continue to have war or science, but no longer both. The industrial way of life implies the risk of mass-produced death.

Nor are we wrong to strive for justice within a society, the fair division of wealth, charity toward the weak, the old, the foolish.

Stand up for the stupid and crazy, said Whitman. Amen. The mad may be saints, the crippled may be artists, magicians, craftsmen. Human society is based on mutual aid, cooperation, sharing—without those attributes it would perish. Will perish.

What the conscience of our race—environmentalism—is trying to tell us is that we must offer to all forms of life and to

the planet itself the same generosity and tolerance we require from our fellow humans. Not out of charity alone—though that is reason enough—but for the sake of our own survival as free men and women. Certainly the exact limits of what we can take and what we must give are hard to determine; few things can be more difficult than attempting to measure our needs, to find that optimum point of human population, human development, human industry beyond which the returns begin to diminish. Very difficult; but the chief difference between humankind and the other animals is the ability to observe, think, reason, experiment, to communicate with one another through language; the mind is our proudest distinction, the finest achievement of our human evolution. I think we may safely assume that we are meant to use it.

What are the alternatives to reason and the conservationist conscience? There seems to be only one: go on as we are going now, submitting to the blind growth of human domination over the planet, the mindless increase in population, the greed and gluttony of the rich nations, the desperate need of the poor, leading in turn to one of the two most probable resolutions.

First, an intensification of the conflicts within each nation and among the nations as the competition for dwindling natural resources becomes more severe. We can see early symptoms of this conflict in the United States, where industrialists have begun to recognize conservationists and environmentalists—not labor leaders, not government, not Marxists—as their chief antagonists in shaping the character of the American future. Business leaders have succeeded already in creating an unjustified hostility between elements of organized labor and the environmental movement. This conflict can be resolved only in a society based on a mature, stabilized political economy that functions so smoothly we can take its health for granted, becoming aware of pain only when something is going wrong. The endless-growth

economy, contrary to orthodox belief, is a diseased economy.

If efforts at internal reconciliation fail, if the environmental movement fails, we will see conflict increase, becoming more bitter as classes, factions, ethnic groups, and races compete with one another for as much as each can take from what economic wealth remains available in North America. In the course of the struggle luxuries such as wilderness and wildlife, public lands, and personal freedoms will begin to vanish, as they have already largely vanished from most of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. At the same time the competition among the nations will drive all closer to the edge of war, with each nation seeking to promote its own economic growth in the only way it can: at the expense of other nations. The result will be, as history demonstrates with tedious repetition, war and civil war, accompanied by famine, plague, and the descent, once again, into another dark age.

So much for the familiar and popular disaster hypothesis. The second possible outcome of population growth and industrial growth would be the creation of a planetary technocracy, a technological superstate in which we surrender our individual lives to some kind of international, computerized, scientifically engineered despotism. In a planetary order combining the best features of Huxley's *Brave New World*, Orwell's *1984*, and Stanislaw Lem's *The Futurological Congress*, we can imagine the transformation of Spaceship Earth into an orbiting food machine, automatically processing rock, air, seawater, and sewage into snack packets for a population of 10 billion drug-pacified, comatose, semihuman inhabitants. They—the technologists—say it can be done. But who wants to live in their world?

Commonplace nightmares. Perhaps we will find a way to muddle through and between the gruesome horns of our dilemma. The American nation (including Alaska) is one of the few places left on earth where it is still feasible to make a stand against the growth fanatics, the graph-paper mentality of the

GNP economists, the replenish-and-forever-multiply theology of the Latter-Day Native-American Yahoo Church—all the descendants of those hordes of avaricious peasants (our forefathers) who swarmed across the Atlantic to fall like a plague of locusts, upon the sweet, lovely, defenseless, virgin lands of America.

In any case, America offers what may be our final opportunity to save a useful sample of the original land. It is not a question merely of preserving forests and rivers, wildlife and wilderness, but also of keeping alive a certain way of human life, a wholesome and reasonable balance between industrialism and agrarianism, between cities and small towns, between private property and public property. Here it is still possible to enjoy the advantages of contemporary technological culture without having to endure the overcrowding and stress characteristic of this culture in less fortunate regions. If we can draw the line against the industrial machine in America, and make it hold, then perhaps in the decades to come we can gradually force industrialism underground, where it belongs, and restore to all citizens of our nation their rightful heritage of breathable air, drinkable water, open space, family-farm agriculture, a truly democratic political economy. Why settle for anything less? And why give up our wilderness? What good is a Bill of Rights that does not include the right to play, to wander, to explore, the right to stillness and solitude, to discovery and physical freedom?

Dreams. We live, as Dr. Johnson said, from hope to hope. Our hope is for a new beginning. A new beginning based not on the destruction of the old but on its reevaluation. It will be the job of another generation of thinkers and doers to keep that hope alive and bring it closer to reality. If lucky, we may succeed in making America not the master of the earth (a trivial goal), but rather an example to other nations of what is possible and beautiful. Was that not, after all, the whole point and purpose of the American adventure?

(strict standards to be set).
16. A prohibition on the export of raw logs.
Further suggestions would be appreciated as well as help in finalizing these recommendations, putting them in legislative form, and writing supportive material.
Fifty years ago Bob Marshall wrote a book called "The People's Forests". It's about time we laid our claim to them.

REFORMING THE FREDDIES

Marcy Willow pegged them right in the last issue of *Earth First!* when she called the Forest Service an "outlaw agency". Since WWII the Forest Service has been engaged in a jihad to liquidate the old-growth forests of the Pacific Coast and replace them with managed tree farms. The piece-meal, reactive approach of the environmental movement has failed to protect the big trees. Without major action soon, the only intact forest ecosystems on the Pacific Coast will be in already designated Wilderness Areas and National Parks. That is not enough.

It is time for those of us who talk to the trees to be visionary.

to dare to set forth our ideal for how our forests are to be managed. The blockade of the Bald Mountain Road is merely part of an overall *Earth First!* campaign to restructure timber policy in the United States. We are contacting other interested groups and knowledgeable individuals to draft a detailed proposal for timber reform legislation. Among our tentative recommendations are:

1. No cutting of old growth (previously uncut) forest on public or private land in the United States.
2. No use of herbicides or pesticides for forest management on public or private land in the United States.

3. No cutting of timber on public or private lands with a slope greater than ??? (figure to be arrived at).
4. Limitation of commercial logging on National Forest or BLM lands to Site Class #1.
5. No deficit timber sales on public land.

6. Require all companies bidding on NF/BLM timber to be small locally-owned businesses. (Capitalization limit to be devised.)
7. Preference to worker-owned timber companies for bidding on federal timber.
8. Require all companies operating on public lands to be labor-intensive (require a certain number of jobs in the woods and the mill per million board feet—number still to be worked out).
9. Stronger national policy on

- recycling wood products.
10. Stronger national policy on efficient utilization of wood products.
11. Concentrate timber production on sustained yield from highly productive previously-cut private and public timber lands.
12. Public works projects for reforestation, rehabilitation, and erosion control on previously logged areas.
13. Designate all RARE II and RARE I areas wilderness.
14. A national Roaded Area Review and Evaluation on the National Forests and BLM lands to determine which previously roaded and cut lands should be made wilderness recovery areas.
15. Return to public ownership of any privately-owned timber lands that are abused

NEXT ISSUE

- * More on the Kalmiopsis Blockade
- * Round River Rendezvous Report
- * Tropical Rainforests

Ursus horribilis

How did the last Merriam elk sound,
bellowing, blowing,
one ton stud mounding
extinction?

Passenger pigeons,
in consuming sky floods beyond description,
sold for a penny a piece in Chicago.

Two Great Auks killed for taxidermy,
their egg smashed and none
ever again.

Red wolf bloated
by poisoned bait,
Golden eagle hunted
by helicopter,
Mountain lion trapped
by tempered steel . . .

was it like my dream
before the rancher's cracking rifle,
the last real grizzly in California
on a snow field
dancing
under winter's waning moon?

Arthur Dingle
Corvallis



thirteen stones laying circle
one eyed medicine man tense gazing
wind around him still
flesh dead smell air
white cats turning black
black cats turning white
thirteen stones laying circle
cold chill clod sweat cold sweat
truth sees
revolution around him
truth he sees
evolution evolution
he wishes everyone else
sees now

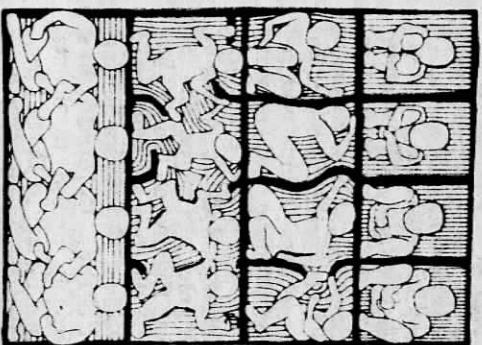
David Smith
Telluride

FORGET REMEMBER

forget cats purr through their veins
forget this is a tunnel of glass
forget waving to mommy from the merry-go-round
forget entering the house of your inner nature
forget the second time you fell in love
forget handfulls of moist earth
forget no one won the war
forget it's only a mirror to your own light
forget to kiss your mother goodbye
forget this infinite eternity
forget you're not the first person to say that to me
forget to comfort your lover
forget you were given this gift to guard
forget there are videotapes of Reagan picking his nose
and eating it

forget it is a long way into the poem
forget the smell of autumn leaves
forget swearing you'd always remember that moment
forget when you had all the time in the world
forget new snow by early morning light
forget the clouds opening sweetly like knees
forget to be nice to the grass
forget this most perfect fire opal
forget the feet of the notyetborn
forget this does not belong to you
forget accepting the pain
forget Reagan will not be eligible for parole until 1999
forget the pigeons are listening
forget you are a direct descendant of the first spark of life
forget to forgive the ones you don't love
forget to forgive the ones you love
repeat with remember in place of forget

John Curl
Berkeley



ARMED with VISIONS

oatmeal

when there's no butter
eat it without

when there's no honey
eat it without

when there's no salt

eat it without

when there's no oatmeal
everything's perfect

Chip Rowling
Boulder

Fulfillment

I think best
knowing myself
as no more
than a blade
of grass
playing
my part
in the balance
of life—

learning
how to do
the wind
favors.
In the dance
of grass,
taking the part
of balance—
Even to go
so far as curl
like a worm
dancing in the mouth
of a robin.

Editor's Note: Author of this piece is
unknown. The name was lost in house fire. Any
idea whose fine poem this is?

DIET

"See this bunch of roses on my table
I eat them

—Josephine Clare

I am the giver of roses.
I am the poet who eats them.
I like small gifts. Have one.
Like my ancestors
I enjoy the smell of
potatoes & onions cooking
but my diet is strictly roses.
This rose tucked behind my ear—
that rose you keep between your legs—
they taste good. I need this food.
Let others crunch on roots
or gnaw the bones of animals;
for me, I must have roses.
Little buds or flowers full-blown,
petals silky white or blood red,
it doesn't matter.
Roses arranged in a vase
please the eye, crown our table
but don't dwell on their significance—
they sustain me.

Steve Lewandowski
Honeoye Falls

I Have Been Told

Down on the river
There is a small place
Where there is no sound
Nothing, and I know it well
And I have been told
And since found
That when climbing back
Loaded with water
At the top of the rise
If you half turn your head
The river will tilt into your ear

Bob Arnold
Green River



NEAR ORAIBI

She is soft,
this Hopi Earth.
Even through my boots I am barefoot.
She is soft
and I become delicate,
touching gently
her winter clothes;
those dried silvery tufts
and scarves of simmering snow.

The Mesas were harsh
but yet
here
(on the plain)
I feel as if
this Hopi Earth
might wrap me in her clay
and roll me into a coil
that my eternity be gladly spent
within the cheek
of a pot
or bowl.
Earthenware!
I wear her soil.



Maria Eloheimo
San Anselmo

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EFF! T-SHIRTS

FUCK BECHTEL—designed by Bill Turk. Blue with red and black "Bechtel Logo"—100% cotton.

EARTH FIRST!—Green with white logo or yellow with green logo—100% cotton.

DEFEND THE WILDERNESS—Drawing by Bill Turk. Black with silver design. 100% cotton. NEW!—white with black design. 100% cotton.

THE CRACKING OF GLEN CANYON DAMN—Drawing by Jim Stiles. Blue or tan—75% cotton/25% polyester.



DEFEND THE WILDERNESS

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- _____ Fuck Bechtel T-shirt(s), Size(s)
- _____ Bumpersticker(s): Indicate size and quantity
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- _____ Little Green Songbook(s)
- _____ Monkeywrench(es)
- _____ EFF! Camouflage Baseball Caps
- _____ EFF! Monkeywrench Key Chain(s)
- _____ 1983 Earth First! Calendar(s)
- _____ 1983 Western Wilderness Calendar(s)
- _____ USGS Topo Maps (list alphabetically by state and indicate scale)
- _____ Ed Abbey Books (list) _____

ABOUT EARTH FIRST!

There are two Earth Firsts. One is the grassroots movement without structure, hierarchy, organization, or bureaucracy. The other is *Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal*, which you hold in your hands. EFF! the paper, is an independent entity within the broad EFF! movement and is designed to act as a communications medium for radical environmentalists. This way the EARTH FIRST! movement does not have to deal with the legal system or the burdens of organization. This arrangement is our solution to the problem of an anarchist group. The editorial policy of EFF!, the publication, is set by The Circle, a group of thirteen active Earth Firsters around the country. They oversee our operation on a volunteer basis. Your subscription money, purchases of EFF! snake oil & trinkets, and contributions fund the publishing of this paper. All additional money ("profit") will be granted to various aspects of the EFF! movement to aid in our cause to preserve the green beauty and diversity of our Mother Earth. *Please subscribe or resubscribe today!*

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Spread the word about Earth First! Contact us to arrange for extra copies of *Earth First!* to distribute locally. Everyone who has been getting extra copies of the paper needs to contact us and let us know how many copies to send you. (We don't have the previous records.)

Did you misplace a back issue of the *Earth First! Newsletter*? Are you a recent subscriber? Would you like to pass around back issues to drum up interest in EFF? You're in luck. We have a number of back issues beginning with the Dec. 21, Yule Edition. Here's a quick run-down on past articles:

EFF! Road Show overview, treespiking, EFF! Preserves.
BRIGID Feb. 2: Oil and Gas leasing in Wilderness Areas, Dave Foreman's EFF! article reprinted from the *Progressive*.
EOSTAR RITUAL Mar. 20 Nukedump in Canyonlands, Mardie Murie Interview, Glen Canyon Damn petition, Ned Ludd Books—what they're all about, Coors boycott.
BELTANE May 1: Little Granite rig and the Gros Ventre, Gasquet-Orleans (GO) Road, How seismic survey crews work, Jail: A Primer—preparing for civil disobedience arrest.
LITHA June 21: McKinley Grove Redwoods Threatened, 22 Things to do as an EFF'er.
LUGHNASAD Aug. 1: Pete Dustrud resigns as Editor, RRR highlights, Rally for Redwoods and proposed dam on Dinkey Creek, Little Granite Stakes Pulled—Again.

MABON Sept. 21: EFF! and SAFE Crack Hetch-Hetchy, Environmental Strategy for 80s, "Road Spiking," Marshall's 1936 Roadless Area Inventory, Update on Little Granite
SAMHAIN Nov. 1: BLM wilderness inventory in Utah exposed, Abbey on Books and Gurus, Closing Roads, Forest Service Assault on Big Wilderness, Nuclear War as an Ecological Issue, Guidelines on EFF! Wilderness Proposals.

YULE/BRIGID Dec 21: Battle of Salt Creek, Nightcap, Bisti, Closing Roads (cont'd), Prmeval Wilderness Management, Earth Bonding (very few copies left), EOSTAR March 21, 1983: Franklin River, Salt Creek Arrests, Kalmiopsis and Siskiyou's, Dedious Forest Preserve, Ned Ludd's Tool Box: The Cutting Torch, Dismantle the Wilderness Act, Road Show Diary, Bisti Circus, Creative Littering.

BELTANE May 1, 1983: Kalmiopsis Blockade, Canyon Country issues, What You Can Do as an EFF'er, How to Form a Local EFF! Group, California Desert, Privatization, Australian Rainforest.

Let us know which back issues you would like. Send 50¢ for 1st Class postage for each newsletter, or appropriate 3rd Class postage for bulk orders.



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I am willing to engage in non-violent direct action to protect wilderness & Mother Earth

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I am willing to engage in actions almost anywhere

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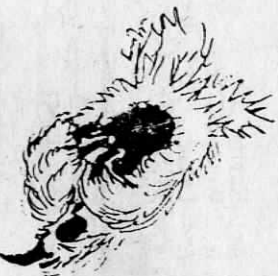
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